

BEGINNING — **SCARLET WOMAN** — A GRIPPING NOVEL OF
A GIRL'S MISTAKE
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S GREATEST STORY

APR. 22,
1933

Liberty 5¢



TEMPEST IN MAN



“DRAIN ‘WINTER’ OIL?”



“Sure I’ll

SAY YES

It saved me money last year”

“May I drain that winter-worn oil?” That’s the timely question Texaco Dealers are asking motorists everywhere. They are thinking of your car. They know the results of improper lubrication—of *driving with the wrong grade of oil!*

The wrong grade of motor oil is responsible for a great deal of motor wear. Delicately fitted engine parts come into contact at a terrific speed. They must have a tough, full-bodied oil to cushion the impact and reduce friction—mile after mile!

SAY “YES” when the Texaco man asks to drain your crankcase. Fill with the right grade of Crack-proof Texaco Motor Oil! It stands up under extreme pressure. It holds its oiliness at highest engine heat. Don’t guess about the oil in your crankcase. SAY “YES”!

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

Tune in on ED WYNN, the Fire-Chief, Tuesday Nights, Coast-to-Coast, N. B. C.

DRAIN FILL



then

LISTEN

TEXACO Crack-proof MOTOR OIL

COPYRIGHT, 1933, THE TEXAS COMPANY

For those who prefer a 100% paraffin base oil

The New **WAXFREE HAVOLINE** MOTOR OIL —premium priced and worth it

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

APRIL 22, 1933

VOL. 10, No. 16

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
--Abraham Lincoln.

IN THIS ISSUE

- Beginning
● Scarlet Woman OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 4
A gripping novel of a girl's mistake
- The Saga of Swat DICK WILLIAMS 12
The extraordinary career of baseball's greatest figure and the inside story of the world's greatest stomach ache
- City of Pleasure—A story JAMES FRANCIS DWYER 18
- Twenty Questions 25
- The Truth About My Life—Part V CROWN PRINCE WILHELM 26
OF GERMANY
- Detectogram Mystery XVI H. A. RIPLEY 30
- Bright Sayings of Children 31
- Double, Trouble, and Thrills ROB WAGNER 32
Movie reviews
- The Ghost of the Mine—A story EVE GARRETTE GRADY 34
- To the Ladies! PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 39
- Vox Pop 40
- \$250 Weekly Cover Contest 42
- Cross Word Puzzle 43
- Woman in the Dark—Conclusion DASHIELL HAMMETT 44
- Dinky Contest Winners 49
(March 11)
- Born to Raise Hell—Part IV TEX O'REILLY 50
As told to LOWELL THOMAS
- Detectogram Answer 58
- Translation—A short short story WILLIAM R. BIRD 59

Cover by TEMPEST INMAN

THE NEW DEAL IS HERE— GOD BE PRAISED!

At last we have a real leader in Washington—unafraid, clear-headed—a great personality.

And he is doing things with a heavy hand! Action and more action—its realization almost makes us dizzy.

We were all demanding revolutionary changes and we are getting them. Our slow-moving, elephantine legislators have been energized and galvanized. Heretofore they appeared to have been etherized.

Much of our sanctimonious fanatical prohibition law was wiped out in a few days. For many years conscientious officials have been trying to annul this ugly source of racketeering. But the New Deal, with strong hands and a heavy tread, has mowed down the dry resistance in steam-roller fashion.

The depression has been given sledge-hammer wallops, mighty, staggering blows, and maybe—who knows?—the final knockout may be close at hand. Anyway, we are all hoping and helping the new Washington gladiator in the terrific battles he is now calmly and effectively waging. We are with him, all of us—a few straggling, bedraggled dries excepted.

The dictatorial powers placed in his hands have been used forcefully and intelligently. And with this mighty weapon to destroy the unthinking and at times fanatical opposition, the battle for an economical and forceful government is well under way.

Our new leader has already proved himself magnificently—bold, courageous, sagacious, and marvelously capable.

Before he took the reins at Washington confidence was everywhere lacking. Hopelessness, helplessness, had paralyzed the people. Our banks were tottering—all of them. Long lines of depositors were demanding their money.

But a new force intervened. Our new President came into power. He saw his duty with a clearness of vision difficult to comprehend, and revolutionary, unheard-of measures were quickly inaugurated.

Our government became human overnight. Weighty problems, terrifying emergencies, heretofore ignored or met by talk and more talk, were effectively attacked.

And a miraculous change was wrought in the public everywhere. The financial storm, the chaos with which we had been threatened, gradually abated, and confidence again appeared—peering at us out of the gloom and despair in which we were all engulfed.

And one glance was encouraging, and now it (confidence) is strutting forth here and there and everywhere.

God-given confidence, that invaluable factor so essential to remedy our woes, is on the way—is here. Self-assertiveness, belief in ourselves, in our national future—that is the divine force that will electrify our disorganized nation.

May this beneficent force soon reign supreme in the hearts and souls of our people everywhere.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the United States and possessions: in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, \$2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, \$3.50 a year.

In Continental Europe and British Empire, \$5.00 a year. In all other countries, \$6.00 a year.

Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Scarlet Woman

(Reading time: 30 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART ONE—EDDIE REFUSES TO FIGHT

THE citizens of Karnak sneered at Eddie Grainger because they did not understand that he supplied a great civic need. They described him as lazy, shiftless, worthless and no-count—failing to credit him with providing them the opportunity to feel superior to someone.

Karnak's rather lethargic Chamber of Commerce would have denied—with considerable vehemence—that the little metropolis of three thousand was fast asleep and had been so for thirty years save for the grim period between early 1917 and late 1918. In those hectic months the tiny Southern city became aware of the fact that there was a world somewhere east of Four Holes Swamp, that there were subjects for conversation of greater moment than the new voile dress Mrs. Gibbs had just brought back from the capital, or the church bazaar over the chairmanship of which the Mesdames Weatherby and Oliff had split a lifelong friendship.

But the war ended, and Karnak became once more a drowsy, lazy, indifferent, and startlingly beautiful and picturesque Southern town; a metropolis by virtue of the fact that it was the largest municipality in a radius of thirty miles, that it was the county seat, and that it had the finest and stanchest small bank in the entire state.

Karnak was satisfied with itself. Being somnolent and self-centered, it was pleased to smile—or to jeer—at Eddie Grainger because he was even more indifferent than the average citizen; because he helped the run-of-the-mine resident of Karnak to experience a sense of superiority. That much Eddie contributed to the civic welfare of Karnak; that much and no more. He was amusedly cognizant of the rôle he played—and utterly indifferent to the low esteem in which he was held.

Certain acidulous but otherwise estimable ladies were fond of declaring that Eddie Grainger was a disgrace to the town. They expressed themselves as glad—for Ida's sake—that the young man's mother was resting peacefully in the cemetery west of the railroad.

Ida had instructed the young of Karnak County from behind a battered old desk before leaving that thankless task to become—somewhat frightened and bewildered and ashamed—the bride of Willis Grainger and mother of Willis's son.

People remembered her now as a woman older than her years; prettier by far than she ever permitted herself to believe; amazingly well read and moderately well educated; gentle, kindly, self-effacing; filled with an awareness of the world but more than content with her lot; worshipping her husband in a way that bordered on the sacrilegious and—until her death when Eddie was

only eleven—guiding the footsteps of her son in paths which were clear to her hazel eyes but which no one else in Karnak—save it be Willis Grainger—either saw or understood.

From Willis Grainger, Eddie inherited a slender and well muscled figure, though not all the six feet of height which had been Willis's. For that matter, Willis was not six feet tall for many years before his death. He had pored too earnestly over books and labored too diligently at his petty law practice, and a stoop came into his shoulders to rob him of almost two inches of height.



COHEN'S GREATEST STORY

A Gripping Novel of a Girl's Mistake

Illustrations by
STOCKTON MULFORD



Eddie opened his lips to apologize—and at that instant Vernon struck.

It was because of Willis that Karnak occasionally paid Eddie a grudging compliment. "He's honest," they would say; "but then, any son of Willis Grainger's couldn't help being that." Which was another way of saying that Eddie was not to be applauded even for his probity.

After Ida's death a wonderful friendship developed between the tall kindly lawyer and his son. Willis gave advice: never orders. He did not compel Eddie to read, but he did teach him the beauty of books. Un-

consciously—and never in so many words—Willis gave to his boy the ability to understand the worth-while in life;

and that included an indifference to the opinion of any such insular community as Karnak.

Eddie's high-school record was brilliant. He studied everything in the curriculum and many things that were not regularly included. Early—almost too early—he became absorbed in philosophy. He graduated with highest honors at eighteen. His was the first graduating

class to wear caps and gowns. Willis sat in the auditorium and listened to the valedictory delivered by his son. He listened with eyes closed, as though the easy, mellow tones of the boy's voice might help him to penetrate the veil that had been drawn between himself and Ida. He saw a future for the boy: a success measured not in dollars and cents but in spiritual and ethical development.

Willis Grainger did not open his eyes after the conclusion of the valedictory. And when the startled and horrified audience crowded about his body, secretly resenting his thoughtlessness in thus disturbing an excellent graduation program, they remarked that they never would have suspected that Willis had suffered with heart trouble for years.

Eddie did not go to college. Perhaps he couldn't have gone anyway, because Willis had nothing, left nothing, and probably could not have raised even the modest sum required to put the boy through the university.

After the funeral, after the worse-than-meager estate had been investigated, after creditors—lifelong friends of Willis Grainger's—had salvaged something of their losses by buying in the decrepit house and few acres of ground surrounding it, after Eddie had refused offers of jobs and taken up a temporary abode with Ernie Rudd, who owned and operated an entirely septic lunch wagon known as Rudd's Diner—after all of that, Karnak shrugged its civic shoulders with the comment that it was tired of trying to do something for a lad who didn't desire help. Karnak spoke pleasantly of the deceased Mr. Grainger: "He was a mighty honest man, Willis was—but worthless. Never made anything. Never cared for anything but books. Eddie's a chip off the old block."

And perhaps Eddie was worthless. Certainly in the six years that had elapsed since they placed Willis beside Ida, on the other side of the railroad, the young man had contributed nothing to the glory of Karnak. He had worked infrequently, and then only enough to buy food and such clothing as was essential to cover his nakedness. He slept usually in Ernie Rudd's lunch wagon—on the floor—and had in six years succeeded in educating the long, gawky Mr. Rudd into some idea of sanitation. When he was not working—which was virtually all the time—Eddie could be found seated on the ground, back propped against Mr. Rudd's eating establishment, a book in his hands and an expression of complete contentment on his clean-cut face.

THE town did not understand him—or try to. He was referred to vaguely as "that good-looking loafer." He was slender and erect. His hair was almost golden and his complexion would have been the envy of any woman who happened to notice.

Only rarely did Eddie's calm, philosophic acceptance of life receive a jolt. Once in a while he passed the bank and saw Judith Morgan. Occasionally she found a mission at the railroad station, near the Diner.

At such times Eddie's fine gray eyes clouded and he remembered things which he had struggled to forget. Then—and then only—he wondered whether one might exist solely on philosophy, or whether there was something more worth-while than a complete detachment.

Even now he was aware of Judith: aware of her before he saw her.

But then, all of Karnak had become freshly aware of Judith recently. "She's runnin' around with that good-lookin' Bill Vernon," whispered the worthy citizens, "and nobody—not a soul—knows a thing about him."

They were strolling down Court Street toward the railroad when Eddie became aware of them. He stifled an impulse to disappear within the malodorous confines of Ernie Rudd's Diner. Such a move would have been rather too obvious and somewhat childish: it would have proclaimed publicly an acute consciousness of Judith Morgan which Eddie denied, even to himself. And so he immersed himself in his book, or pretended to.

Even to a keen observer Eddie appeared not at all concerned. His long legs were stretched languidly across the cracked pavement; his eyes were focused sternly upon the finely printed pages of an ancient volume of verse.

Bill Vernon was a large man, and handsome. He had the symmetrical build—the broad shoulders, slender flanks, straight legs, and erect carriage—of a trained athlete. His complexion was dark, his features finely chiseled, his eyes brilliantly black, and his manner studiously courteous. Obviously his clothes were tailored, and by an expert; his linen was always immaculate and never loud. He was deferential toward women—and especially toward older ones—and suave in his contact with the men of the town. He spoke softly always, and with an engaging drawl.

NO one knew definitely from whence he had come—or why. He talked vaguely and infrequently of representing a concern which was interested in building a factory on the cemetery side of the railroad, and he paid his bills regularly at the Karnak Hotel on Court-House Square. His actions were those of a gentleman and his habits unimpeachable, save for the fact that he occasionally was observed sauntering through the swinging doors of Lefty Bragan's poolroom. And even this habit was forgiven by the admiring townspeople on the ground that, being himself a product of big cities, the charming stranger was justified in indulging in a game which the good folk of Karnak considered a product of the nether regions.

Karnak envied Judith her intimacy with Bill Vernon. It was considered that he was far superior to her, and they wondered why he wasted so much time in her company.

There were a score of other young and attractive girls in town, but Vernon ignored them—except that he was invariably courteous and courtly when thrown in contact with them, which was frequently; for the town had hospitably opened its doors. Hostesses considered themselves lucky when Bill Vernon accepted their invitations. He was, at the moment, a social enthusiasm.

Walking slowly westward with Judith Morgan, it was apparent that she was proud to be seen with him and that her interest transcended the impersonal. Spectators commented on the way her face lighted when she looked up at him, and of how eagerly responsive she seemed to his slightest low-voiced remark. One maiden lady, sitting in her parked car, observed to a companion that she thought they made a most attractive couple and that she thought Mr. Vernon's little mustache was cute—"So much like Warner Baxter, I could think it was him."

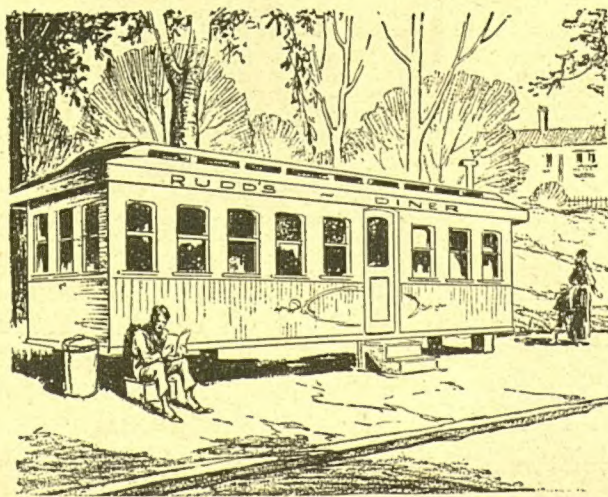
The eyes which watched them were admiring—and perhaps jealous of Judith. There was no hint of drama; no one could have anticipated it. Even some of the spectators did not understand—until it was explained later—what caused the explosion.

The part played by Eddie Grainger was thoroughly inglorious. In the first place, he hadn't realized that his legs were stretched halfway across the sidewalk; in the second place, he didn't know that Vernon had moved to the inside because there were little pools of water near the curb; in the third place, he had been struggling to seem oblivious to

Octavus Roy Cohen Says:

Frankly, I consider Scarlet
Woman by long odds the
best thing I have ever done
—however faint praise that
may be.

Octavus Roy Cohen.



Judith's nearness; and in the fourth place, it would never have occurred to him to move. He had a proprietary interest in that particular spot; his legs belonged where they were just as surely as the arc light belonged on the corner.

Bill Vernon, absorbed in his conversation with Judith, tripped over the outstretched legs of the young man and pitched heavily against an old iron hitching post. His face turned white and he whirled upon the astonished, embarrassed, and apologetic figure of Eddie Grainger.

Eddie had risen when Vernon recovered his balance. The stranger's eyes had narrowed dangerously and every vestige of color had drained from his cheeks. Conversation on the street stopped suddenly. Vernon was deadly: no mistaking that.

Eddie opened his lips to apologize—and at that instant Vernon struck. He struck with the power and effectiveness of a trained boxer. The blow smacked viciously against Eddie's jaw, and the smaller man sprawled in the gutter. Judith said: "Oh, Bill! You shouldn't!"

Eddie dragged himself to his feet. He wiped flecks of blood from his lips.

He stared for a second at Bill Vernon, then walked wordlessly into Rudd's Diner. The nice maiden lady in the parked car said virtuously: "Served Eddie right. He tripped Mr. Vernon deliberately."

The color crept back into Vernon's cheeks. He brushed his clothes meticulously and took Judith's arm. He was himself again—suave and courteous and gentle.

For a few moments neither spoke; then Judith broke the silence:

"You shouldn't have done that, Bill."

He said contritely: "I'm sorry, Judith, if I caused you any embarrassment, but I've got a rotten temper. Usually I have it under control. Then something happens and—I forget myself."

"Eddie didn't mean to trip you."

"Maybe not." The man's eyes hardened for just the fraction of an instant. "But you see, honey, I'm not used to being tripped. I don't like it."

"But to hit him—to knock him down—"

"He had a chance to hit me, didn't he?" Vernon shrugged. "But what's the use of all this discussion? A man tripped me, I lost my head and hit him. I've apologized for causing you embarrassment. What more can I do?"

"I don't know," she said thoughtfully. "I suppose I'm silly, but somehow it seems more important than just—just what happened back yonder."

"You're not particularly interested in that chap, are you?"

She flushed slightly. "I've known Eddie Grainger all my life. We grew up together here in Karnak. I'm awfully fond of him—"

HER voice trailed off and she looked straight ahead—across the railroad tracks toward the purple haze hanging over Four Holes Swamp. Near the edge of that swamp was the grove where the high-school students had always held their annual spring picnic—when she and Eddie Grainger had fancied themselves sweethearts. Kid stuff. Gone now, and forgotten. Or almost forgotten. She heard Vernon's voice:

"Town character, isn't he?"

"That's what the town thinks. He doesn't do much work, if that's what you mean. Just sits there all day and reads. He doesn't care much what Karnak thinks of him. That's because he belongs to the world."

"Then why doesn't he leave here?"

"Because this town is the world. Other places may be larger, or they may be smaller, but Eddie knows they're all alike. The same petti-

ness, the same gossip, the same selfishness and narrowness." She stopped suddenly, embarrassed by the thought that Bill Vernon would not—could not—understand.

"I'm afraid," he was saying, "that I don't hand your friend Grainger much. But I won't say what I really think, because I'm not anxious to hurt your feelings." His lips creased into a gentle smile. "You're a bit fed up on this town yourself, aren't you, honey?"

"A trifle," she confessed.

"Then why not clear out? Why not leave here—and marry me—right away?" He saw that she was hesitating and pressed his point. "You don't belong here, Judith, not any more than I do. We ought to be outside—doing things, seeing things, going places. You know I love you. And you do like me a little, don't you?"

"A lot," she said with delightful boldness.

"Then you will marry me soon? And leave here?"

Her hand touched his hand. "Perhaps," she whispered. "In fact, I'm almost sure that I shall."



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN is one of America's best known writers, and lives in Birmingham, Alabama. He has been in turn civil engineer, practicing lawyer, newspaper man, and since 1915 has devoted all of his time to short stories and novels.

LEFTY BRAGAN'S poolroom faces north on Court-House Square. It is Karnak's fester spot, flaunting itself shamelessly in the face of a righteous and negatively indignant community.

In its smoke-laden confines the riffraff of Karnak congregates: the riffraff and those young men who feel that in the noxious atmosphere they are developing a cosmopolitanism. To the average male youth of Karnak, Lefty Bragan's place is the ultimate of masculine sophistication. Indolent gentlemen talk in hoarse voices, profanely and lewdly; one feels—if one's judgment is not too accurate—that here is a touch of larger cities. Lefty himself is known to Karnak as hard-boiled, tough, and even as a dangerous character.

There are thousands of decent, respectable poolrooms in the country, but Lefty Bragan's place is not one of them.

Shortly before midnight the door opened and Bill Vernon entered. From the instant his broad shoulders pushed through the doorway there was a subtle change in the atmosphere.

Vernon seemed incongruous in that place. He looked like a gentleman—yet, queerly enough, one might have received the impression that he belonged. His face was unfriendly—stern even—and he paid no attention to the loafers who smirked and smiled and waved to him. The habitués of the place stood admiringly as the newcomer walked toward Lefty Bragan's office in the rear.

Bragan lowered his feet from the dusty surface of the battered oak desk and smiled up at his visitor. Utterly different in physical appearance, Bragan the rowdy, Vernon the gentleman, one seeing them thus could not have failed to be impressed with the fact that they were kindred spirits.

"Hear you had a scrap today, Vernon."

Vernon's lips widened. The smile was cold and cruel, and the light in his black eyes no longer soft.

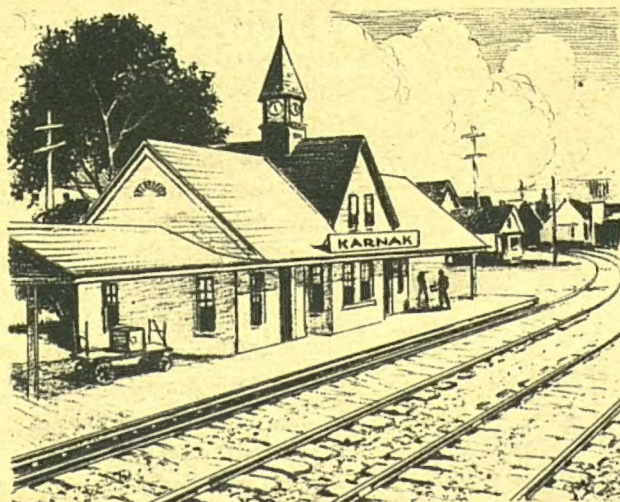
"Very unfortunate," he murmured in his deceptively pleasant voice. "That fellow Grainger tripped me, and I let him have it."

"The boys out yonder"—Bragan jerked his head toward the smoke-laden confines of the poolroom—"was talkin' about it. They say you pack a real wallop, and that you looked like arsenic for a minute or two."

Vernon chose his words with scrupulous care: "I don't let folks get away with things I don't like, Bragan."

Bragan spoke with a heartiness which was intended to conceal a sudden feeling of apprehension:

"You're bad medicine, eh?"





Vernon flicked the bulky figure of his companion with cold and level eyes.

"I don't like to get mad," he said evenly. "It's usually very unfortunate—for somebody else."

Judith Morgan reached Court-House Square, turned to the right, and walked past Goss & Williams' Hardware Store and the Harben Real Estate and Insurance Company. She paused for just an instant to greet the Misses Mathilda and Eva Branham, worthy and antique ladies who owned Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe. At the corner she was accosted in friendly fashion by Gardner Seebeck, proprietor of the Elite Drug Store, thus eliciting an even friendlier greeting from Max Crane, who owned the town's other drug store, which was situated directly across the street. Her route carried her by Tony Marino's White Front Grocery and the Bon Marché Department Store, pride of Karnak, past Schlemmer's Bakery and Roeder's Delicatessen, and so to the Karnak State Bank on the corner of Court Street and Marsden Avenue.

The bank was located one block away from the town's civic center: a small, stanch, and handsome edifice of Indiana limestone, built along severely Gothic lines and sharing the four corners with two churches and the residence of Smith Edge, clerk of the Karnak County Court.

This morning, as always, Judith smiled at memory of the town's consternation when it became apparent that the new bank was to be a block away from the center of things. And she smiled even more broadly at her own knowledge of the power which Kurt Weigand now wielded over not only the town of Karnak but the entire county as well.

She was, officially, assistant cashier of the bank. Actually she was Kurt Weigand's secretary—and near to being his confidante. She alone of the three thousand persons resident in Karnak understood and loved the ingrowing old man; she alone could appreciate his sardonic and somewhat grotesque sense of humor.

She knew that during this ghastly era of depression the Karnak Bank had prospered, and she knew also that because business generally had suffered Kurt Weigand today was czar of the entire county—from the smallest business to the great Morrow Cotton Mills, a half mile out of town on the Pineville Road.

BETWEEN Kurt Weigand and Judith there existed an affection approaching the love of father and daughter. His manner toward her was gruff and dictatorial—but she understood and he knew that she understood. He was a recluse; a distant, aloof, unapproachable man nearing his sixty-fifth birthday; a man made distrustful of his fellow men because of the very nature of his business.

After graduating from high school Judith had taken two years of a business administration course at the State University. She had studied the theories and principles of banking, and when after her sophomore year her father had died leaving slim insurance and little else, Judith had obtained a secretarial position at the bank. One year later her mother died, and Judith was left alone in the world. Kurt Weigand had grunted his regret at her state of orphanhood, promoted her to assistant cashier and raised her salary—then had driven her out of his office with harsh words when she attempted to thank him.

He had delighted to teach her the art of banking. She was an apt pupil and a keen observer. He consulted her on matters where his course already had been charted; he taught her the difference between good sympathy and bad business; and he had been known to declare to certain intimate friends in the banking business elsewhere that Judith Morgan was the finest natural banker—man or woman—in the state. "Except that she's a girl and a damned pretty one," he amended. "Every attractive woman is certain to make a fool of herself at least once."

This comment had been passed along to Judith, and she remembered it now as she approached the impressive white structure. Instinctively it slowed her footsteps. She loved the old man—the recluse who had no family, no relatives and no friends whom he could or would trust. She knew that he would see all too clearly through her sudden determination to marry Bill Vernon.

He sat hunched behind his great flat-topped desk; hawk-like face furrowed with lines of age and concentration; sparse gray hair blown by the May wind which sighed

Eddie

through the open windows; shiny alpaca coat far too large for his attenuated figure.

Weigand raised his head and his beady eyes sparkled. There was genuine affection behind his belligerence, real softness in the voice which sounded harsh:

"Morning, Judith."

"Good morning, Mr. Weigand. I came early because I want to have a talk with you."

"Hmph! The time has come, has it?"

She was startled. Struggling to get herself under control, she removed her tiny hat with meticulous care and placed it on the desk. She knew that he knew.

"I'm in love with Bill Vernon, Mr. Weigand—and I'm going to marry him."

"Of course—of course!" he snapped. "I've always said you'd eventually make a fool of yourself."

He picked up a sheaf of mortgages and commenced thumbing through them. Desperately she reached out and covered his hand with hers.

"Please—Mr. Weigand! I want your advice."

"Bah!" he said testily. "You don't want my advice—you want my approval. Well, you won't get it."

"You think I'm making a mistake?"

"I don't think. I know."

"But why? Why is it a mistake—if I love him?"

"He isn't your kind—that's all."

"You mean—because he's cosmopolitan and I'm not?"

"I mean nothing of the kind. He simply isn't a gentleman."

The girl flushed. "You're talking about that Eddie Grainger affair, aren't you, Mr. Weigand?"

"Not entirely. Of course I heard about it." The old man gave a dry, cackling laugh. "They called Eddie a coward because he didn't fight back. I think the lad is sensible. Why should he take a beating from a bigger man? Keen youngster, Eddie."

"But I thought you didn't like him. He's lazy—"

"Not lazy, my dear: intelligent. Too much brains to butt 'em out against the brick wall of modern convention. Sees life as a whole—and clearly. Wish I could swap places with him." Then he jerked his head in negation. "That's a lie! I don't! I was born to work. Eddie was born superior to work. We're different, but we think the same way. Pity you haven't got his balance."

WEIGAND had always puzzled Judith, despite the bond of affection between them. She returned desperately to the original subject: "But about Bill Vernon. What have you got against him?"

"He's no good."

"What makes you think that?"

"His eyes. His manner. His friendship with Lefty Bragan."

A little laugh flew from her lips. "He explained the Bragan thing to me, Mr. Weigand. You see, he's always been fond of billiards. Of course he's accustomed to playing in private clubs; but it happens that Lefty has the only good tables in Karnak."

Kurt Weigand snorted. "You're a fool to believe such rot! He goes to Bragan's place because he and Lefty are birds of a feather."

Judith bit her lips to conceal a sense of irritation.

"It isn't as though I were the only person in Karnak who liked Bill, Mr. Weigand. He's been popular from the first. He's invited everywhere, everybody likes him, and he's always been a gentleman."

"Hmph! That soft, easy voice of his has got folks fooled. I don't listen to a man's voice or look at his clothes. I watch his eyes. He has bad eyes—very bad."

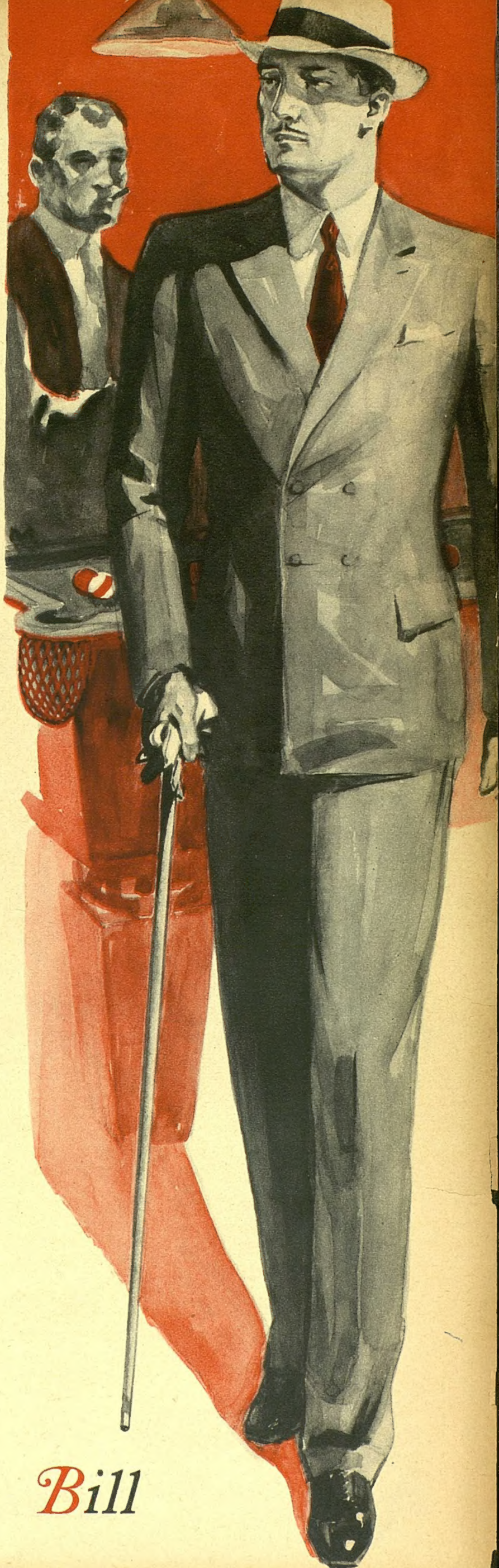
"Then you're urging me not to marry him?"

"Certainly I'm not. Get it out of your system. When you've had enough—when you find out for yourself what sort of man he is—then come back and take your old job. It'll always be here for you."

"Oh! Thanks."

"Don't thank me. You'll be a better banker when you come back with sentimentality knocked out of your pretty head. I'm not a fool: I can buck bad judgment, but I can't oppose nature. When are you leaving?"

"Whenever you say. I'll stay until you train someone to take my place."



Bill



Judith

"No need. Draw a month's salary. If you're set on making a fool of yourself, you might as well do it right away. The sooner you leave, the sooner I'll get you back."

She smiled tremulously. "You—you're not very encouraging."

"I don't mean to be. But I know you wouldn't have come to me if you hadn't already made up your mind."

She saw the old man bend over his desk again: signal that the interview was at an end. She walked into the bank proper, greeted the cashier and the bookkeeper, then entered her own little cage. All she could think of was Kurt Weigand's prophecy:

"If you're set on making a fool of yourself, you might as well do it right away. The sooner you leave, the sooner I'll get you back."

The wise old man had spoken with such confidence—such ghastly confidence.

ERNIE RUDD, proprietor of Rudd's Diner, which is located near what residents of Karnak refer to as "the depot," is a tall gentleman—almost too tall. His structure is bony and loosely connected. His face is preternaturally grave and deeply lined, but there is a quizzical twinkle in his eyes; and there are a few of Karnak's lesser denizens who have pledged their words never to reveal the charity which Ernie has done—shamefacedly, profanely even.

Mr. Rudd's Diner serves food in large quantities and cheaply. It is not unduly sanitary, nor does it pretend to be. It caters to a noncritical clientele. But its stuffy atmosphere is distinctly clubby; and in the past several years Eddie Grainger, who had more or less made the tiny place his home, had attempted the impossible task of arousing Mr. Rudd to a state of enthusiasm on the subject of cleanliness.

Between the gangling proprietor of Rudd's Diner and the youthful gentleman who was known as the town character there existed a queer and beautiful friendship. Each found in the other a certain spiritual quality which acted as a complement of his own nature. What energy Eddie chose to expend he expended to the benefit of his elongated friend. And while Ernie understood and sympathized with Eddie and Eddie's calm and philosophical outlook on life, he yet was aroused to occasional passionate exhortation.

"You could be the biggest man in this town, Eddie."

"Why?"

"Why? Dog-gone it, you're always answerin' me with questions. Don't everybody want to be somebody?"

"I don't."

"You're too cussed lazy."

"Sure I am, Ernie. I'd never argue that point."

"You wouldn't argue with nobody. Seems like if I had your good blood and education I'd git powerful tired of havin' this town laugh at me."

"I would," answered Eddie Grainger, "if I cared about the opinion of any person in the town."

"And you don't care—not for anybody?"

"No." Then: "Well, hardly anybody."

This evening Ernie sat on the one step connecting Court Street with the floor of his Diner. Eddie, as usual, was seated on the ground, his back against the unpainted side of the weather-worn lunch wagon. Ernie was rather ill at ease.

"The five twenty's about due, Eddie."

"Mmm-hmm."

"Lots of folks gatherin' down at the depot to see her stop."

"So I've noticed."

"Folks has been sayin'—well, they has been sort of ree-markin'—"

"That Judith Morgan is leaving this afternoon. Is that what you're trying to tell me, Ernie?"

Mr. Rudd was embarrassed.

"Well, yes, Eddie—sort of. She's a-runnin' off to marry that feller Vernon. So they say."

Eddie's face was a shade whiter, but his voice was steady.

"I've heard the rumors."

Ernie was silent for a moment. Then suddenly he smashed one fist into the palm of the other hand. "Dang it, Eddie—you can say it ain't my business all you want; but I'm askin' you why you stand for it?"

"For what?"

"Leavin' Judith make a fool of herself with this Vernon?"

She's a fine little lady, Eddie—and nobody knows it better'n you. But here she is fixin' to marry him and you ain't doin' nothin'."

"There's nothing I can do."

Eddie Grainger rose abruptly. He shoved past Ernie and walked into the Diner. Mr. Rudd's lantern jaw dropped several inches and he shook his head slowly.

As a matter of fact Mr. Rudd was a trifle frightened. Until this moment he had felt—although he did not put it into so many words—that Eddie Grainger was passing through a phase, and that he would emerge from it, clear of eye and thought, to take his rightful prominent place in the community. But now that Judith was going, Ernie was afraid that Eddie would become just what the town had long been pleased to call him: a bum.

Mr. Rudd slouched inside the Diner. Eddie walked out the rear entrance. And because he had nowhere else to go—or perhaps because he could think of no other place—the slim blond young chap circled the rear of George Greckel's Garage and Filling Station and leaned against the trunk of a giant oak down near the railroad tracks.

From that point he could see without being seen. His lean, wiry figure was queerly taut; his finely chiseled features were set sternly; his lips were twisted into a sardonic grin—not of self-pity but of disgust with himself, plus a certain measure of hurt.

There was a great crowd at the station. The idle, the curious, the habitual hangers-on, the best people in town were there—and the worst. They were all cheerful and jolly, but the worthier ladies were storing up details for future reference: "Judith said this," "Judith said that." "It's a kindly thing her ma wasn't alive! To see her daughter running off with a man she wasn't even married to!" "I've always liked that Mr. Vernon—he's been in my house lots of times, and I never saw a more perfect gentleman. But this whole thing isn't decent. Why couldn't they get married here instead of waiting until they got to the capital?"

There was plenty of comment about that. Judith and Bill might have had the ceremony performed in Karnak. The town felt cheated—and, because Bill Vernon was universally popular, Judith was the butt of community criticism.

JUDITH was gay, but it was an unnatural gayety, somewhat pathetic. She announced that they were going to be married that night—as soon as they reached the capital. She joked and laughed—and brushed tears from her eyes. Folks remarked that Kurt Weigand might have been decent enough to see her off. But Kurt wasn't there. Somehow, in all this vociferous gathering a keen observer might have suspected that Judith did not have one real friend. They wished her well and hoped for the worst.

Then the train came in and Bill Vernon lifted her in his powerful arms and swung her to the back platform. Judith was tiny beside the stalwart, handsome figure of Bill Vernon; and everybody could see that she was crying. Bill smiled possessively and bent over her, his voice exquisitely gentle.

"Snap out of it, honey," he said. "They're giving us a mighty fine send-off."

She tried to pull herself together: told herself fiercely that she was happy—that she must be happy. This was her wedding day.

The conductor bellowed his "Aaaall aboooooard!" The bell on the locomotive clanged—solemnly. Always, in later years, Judith was to remember the sound of that bell. Her wedding bell! A brassy clang from the back of a locomotive.

The train moved. Possessively—proudly—Bill Vernon slipped his right arm around her waist and waved.

Judith's eyes misted. Yet through the mist a certain figure was limned clearly.

It was the slender figure of a very young, very blond man who stood beneath a giant oak tree back of Greckel's Garage. This young man was staring at the platform as though to compel her gaze. His face was white.

For the first time she waved. She waved to the slim figure near the oak tree. And her voice was amazingly clear:

"Good-by, Eddie. Good-by! . . ."

What happened to Judith Morgan after she left Karnak with Bill Vernon will be told in next week's installment.



Kurt

The Saga of

By D I C K
W I L L I A M S



The Ring photo
*That one went
over the right-
field bleachers!
Slipping or not,
the Babe is the
biggest drawing
card in baseball.*

(Reading time: 22 minutes 20 seconds.)

ON an early April day of 1925, in a railroad station in Asheville, high up in the serene Carolina hills, there occurred the first ominous rumblings of the most celebrated digestive disorder of our time.

It took place in the capacious middle of a great man, George Herman Ruth, and when he opened his mouth and gave vent to the first startled gasp of agony, men and women and little children all over our nation heard it and gave anxious and attentive ear. He was seen to pale beneath his tan. His eyes dilated and his nostrils distended. Slowly one knee began to buckle. Slowly he sought his middle with two hamlike hands and bent forward, and then, as the second knee gave way, he crashed to the station platform.

The great man was leveled. Babe Ruth had collapsed. One little hot dog, piled upon many many thousands of hot dogs, had done this hideous thing.

The stomach ache of all stomach aches had arrived. Babe Ruth had it.

Two hours after its arrival the Western Union and Postal Telegraph services were inundated with inquiries from all parts of the country. Newspapers demanded thousands and thousands of words. Private citizens anxiously inquired as to the seriousness of the seizure.

There was hell to pay.

The great figure was lifted tenderly and hustled away to a hospital. Learned men of science trundled out their X rays and other gear and peered into the cavernous body. Then they wrapped the sufferer carefully, placed him aboard a special car, and sent him to New York, the while he continued his mighty lamentations and the world waited.

For days there was unprecedented anxiety. Eventually the object of it opened his eyes and, mistaking the attending physician in his white attire for one of Mr. Harry Stevens' catering agents of the Yankee Stadium, asked if he might have a hot dog.

"No," said the doctor. "Not now or ever again."

The great man looked upon the anxious faces about him and sighed.

"O. K., doc," he said weakly. "I'm off 'em for life if you say so."

Swat

The Extraordinary Career of Baseball's Greatest Figure and the Inside Story of the World's Greatest Stomach Ache

This news was flashed to the waiting world outside. Babe Ruth had eschewed the hot dog! A new era was born!

There still is much contention as to the real character of Babe Ruth. A majority of the literary portraits of him have been painted by professional baseball writers, the same men who follow him day by day. And it is common knowledge that Ruth has a strange way with baseball writers. He fascinates them.

Since that day nineteen years ago when he walked out of a Baltimore industrial school to join the Baltimore baseball club, Mr. Ruth has done a great many indiscreet things, as who hasn't? He became a great public figure, and this militated against him. He had no privacy. Citizens deplored his weaker moments, holding that he should be a model for the youth of the land.

The sports writers knew of these wanderings. In a number of cases they belabored him mightily in their papers. But when they came to write a book or a magazine article they looked upon the spectacle of the grinning, good-natured, lumbering subject and proceeded to make him perfect. They forgot his unholy escapades in their desire to do a good turn for a good guy; for he is a good guy. No question about that. He is straightforward, simple, unaffected, and sincere in almost everything he does. He has done miraculously well to achieve what he has.

But to glorify him beyond that is to apologize for him, something he would not relish.

Babe Ruth was born on a dock street in Baltimore on February 7, 1894. His parents were miserably poor. Unable to get at home the food his growing body demanded, he joined other neighborhood kids in raids upon fruit stands and suchlike. He became a leader of a trouncing gang of boys. They didn't exactly terrorize their neighborhood, but they didn't help its peace of mind any, either.

His parents determined to take him off the streets, to relieve their meager income of the necessity of supporting him inadequately and dangerously. So a day came when a black-garbed, kindly faced man appeared in the street where he was playing and took him to St. Mary's Industrial Home.

There have been stories that St. Mary's is a reformatory. It is not precisely that. It houses certain incorrigibles, but it also provides a home for orphans and for children whose parents are unable to support and school them, and under this latter heading came George Ruth.

The brother who appeared to take Babe Ruth to St. Mary's was Brother Gilbert. Brother Gilbert and Brother Mathias, who had charge of recreational activi-



Acme photo

Ruth really is "a good guy"—sincere, unaffected, straightforward.

ties in the school, took an immediate interest in the boy.

It has been said that Ruth was better than fair in the studies required of him. Even Ruth does not claim this. He admits that he didn't shine in any study except that relating to manual training. He liked that and became a cabinetmaker of some skill.

He grew prodigiously. And he became interested in baseball. He wanted to be a catcher when first he joined the school team. But the people who contributed baseball equipment to St. Mary's never included any left-handed catching mitts.

So George became an outfielder. There Brother Mathias noted his great throwing ability and advised him to try pitching. He tried and struck out eighteen men in a nine-inning game.

That was the start of the path to the big leagues.

WHEN George was nineteen years old Brother Mathias told Jack Dunn, owner of the Baltimore Orioles of the International League, that he had a pitching sensation at his school. He asked Dunn to look at the boy. Just to be obliging, Dunn went to the school and saw a long-legged, wide-shouldered, flat-faced lout of a kid with tremendous speed for his age and a way of doing things gracefully despite his awkward physique.

The next spring Jack Dunn went to St. Mary's again. He asked to see the boy. With Brother Mathias they talked over the proposition of his joining the Baltimore team. Dunn was willing to give him a trial, and offered him \$600 for the six months' season. The youth almost collapsed. That was one hundred dollars a month more than he'd expected to make in the next five or six years.

He looked at Brother Mathias and gulped:

"What will I do?"

"Go with him," said Brother Mathias, and fifteen minutes later the kid walked forth into the world he was destined to conquer.

On the day before this article was written I encountered Paul Kritchell, a stoutish gentleman who has a

minor job in the Yankee offices. In 1914, when George Ruth made his debut in professional baseball with the Baltimore club—and when he had become “Babe” by the inspiration of a Baltimore coach who gave him the tag the day he appeared for practice—Kritchell was a catcher with the Buffalo team.

He caught for Buffalo in the game in which Ruth started his career. Ben Egan caught for Baltimore. When the Baltimore batting order got down near Ruth’s position, there were two men on bases and two out. Ben Egan was hitting.

“This Egan could mace that apple,” says Kritchell. “We knew he was liable to knock a flock of them ducks off the pond, so we decided we’d put him on there and take the kid.

“You see, we never had heard tell of this kid. He was a big awkward galoot and we didn’t figure him to be a hitter. Pitchers ain’t supposed to hit, anyhow. So we went after him, and what did he do? Well, sir, he just slapped that onion right up against the right-field fence and in come three runs, that’s what.”

Mr. Kritchell’s eyes shone when he told the story. Baseball men and fans get that way when they talk about Babe Ruth. It’s part of the genius of the man.

By the end of that season Babe Ruth no longer was with Baltimore. He’d been sold to the Boston Red Sox, but before he was sold his salary had been doubled, so that he got exactly \$1,200 for his first season of baseball—big money to the twenty-year-old waif from the Baltimore water front.

HE did not finish the 1914 season in the majors, but was sent to Providence, in the International League, for seasoning. In 1915 he got \$1,300 for his work with the Red Sox and pitched rather better than well, but not with the brilliance of his later years.

He did, however, begin his career as a home-run hitter in that year. It happened on May 6, at the Polo Grounds, where the Yankees were then playing their home games. Jack Warhop, a chunky little man with an underhand delivery, was pitching for the Yankees, Ruth for the Red Sox. The third inning came and Ruth was at bat.

Warhop slipped one strike and one ball past the big kid. Then he threw one high and on the outside corner.

The ball sailed over the corner of the Polo Grounds bleachers in right field. Babe Ruth trotted around the bases, grinning and dancing excitedly. He had launched a career. He didn’t know it. If you had told him, he’d have demanded to know what a career was.

In 1919 Ed Barrow was managing the Red Sox. There had been trouble on the club. A little of the virus of wartime had infected the boys, and Barrow held Ruth responsible.

This man Barrow never was one to mince words, pull his punches, or avoid physical contact. He was, in fact, in those days one of the supermen among baseball’s hard eggs.

Ruth reached the ball park rather late one day, walked in blithely and started for his locker. He was making a home-run record and had begun to regard himself as a more or less privileged character.

“Never mind getting dressed, Ruth,” said Barrow. “You’re suspended.”

The big slugger whirled on his manager.

“Is zat so?” he said. “Well, Barrow, I’m going to sock you in the nose.”

THIS was right up Barrow’s street.

He ordered the rest of the ball players out of the clubhouse, then shucked off his coat and necktie and pressed in. The coming monarch of all home-run hitters saw him out of the corner of his eye, slammed the door of his locker, and hurried to the clubhouse door. “S’long, fellers,” he said. “See you later.”

That night the club was on a train, bound West. Barrow was in his stateroom. Somebody pushed in. Ruth was on the train in spite of orders. He confronted Barrow. He began to blubber and apologize. He was in tears in a situation that hardly called for tears from a man of twenty-four who was on his way to becoming a popular idol.

That is one of the mysteries of Ruth. In spite of the phlegmatic calm with which he views a crisis on the diamond, he has, until recent years, been otherwise singularly lacking in emotional control. And there have been times



At right: the Babe in 1915, a rookie pitcher with the Red Sox.

Below: at St. Mary's in Baltimore, with the kids of the school band.

The Ring photos



when it has been possible—as in this case with Barrow—to impugn his physical courage.

But there are men who shrink from physical combat because they become seized with a sentimental panic over the possibility of their injuring someone. This is especially true in the case of someone with whom they are closely associated, or know well. It hardly seems logical that Ruth was afraid of getting hurt. I am inclined to think that the idea that he might hurt someone else has caused many of his exhibitions of distaste for a fist fight that he ought to be able to win handily.

Having advanced my argument, I will advance one against it. Back in 1922 Ruth and Bob Meusel conceived a dislike for Miller Huggins, manager of the Yankees. Huggins not only was small, but was getting up in years and had been in poor health for some time.

One night on the train Meusel and Ruth, their bile uncommonly stimulated, decided that they had been misused beyond endurance by the midget manager. They hunted up Huggins, dragged him from his stateroom, and hauled him through the train.

They made their way with their squirming prey to the observation-car platform and told Huggins what they thought of him. Then they lifted him and held him over the back end of the train, which was hitting sixty miles an hour.

Huggins remained calm. If he hadn't, anything might have happened. He reasoned with them. Other players appeared. They tried to halt the torture of the unhappy manager. But they could not intervene physically, for, defending themselves, the two giants would have been certain to have dropped him on the ties below.

Ultimately the two, guffawing mightily, hauled Huggins back on to the platform and released him. Huggins said nothing about the incident to either of the players. After the club returned to New York there was a show-down. Colonel Jacob Ruppert, the club president, attended it. When he had finished his brief speech, there was a contrite and tearful Ruth. But his feud with Huggins went on for two years before he finally took the patient little man to his bosom and became his most devoted slave.

When Huggins died, in 1929, the great man wept openly and unashamed, and to friends he confided that the specter of that horrible night on the train had haunted him to agony ever since Huggins' illness had become serious.

And now to retrace the years to 1918, when Ruth first achieved recognition as a maker of home runs.

He got into 93 games in 1918, more than half of which he played the outfield, and made 11 home runs. Prior to that time, remember, the record for a complete season was 25, and few renowned sluggers had exceeded eleven.

At the beginning of 1919 Ruth definitely was an outfielder. As a result, he played in 130 games and compiled the astounding total of 29 home runs, a figure that turned the eyes of baseball fans everywhere to the lumbering giant at Boston.

THERE are many reasons advanced for Ruth's transfer to New York. The facts are that Harry Frazee, who had purchased the Red Sox from Joseph Lannin, was running behind on his notes to Lannin and was in danger of losing the club. As a result, the owners of the Yankees were made acquainted with the fact that the great new home-run sensation, Babe Ruth, could be had—for a price.

The Yankee owners at the time were Colonel Jacob Ruppert, the multimillionaire brewer, and Colonel Tillinghast Huston, a wealthy engineer and soldier who was about ready to retire from baseball ownership.

Frazee asked more than \$100,000 for Ruth. Eventually he got that figure, in cash. It was a preposterous figure at the time, and the sporting world gasped.

We now have the burgeoning home-run king in New York. Prior to his transfer from Boston he had been a young man who could swat a baseball farther than anyone else could. Beyond that he had been simply a good left-handed pitcher trying hard to become an outfielder.

Immediately upon his arrival in New York all this was changed. He developed godly qualities heretofore entirely unsuspected. He became as great an outfielder as Speaker, a greater hitter than Wagner, a greater thrower

than Felsch, a base runner comparable to Cobb and Carey. What was more, his personality was discovered to be a mixture of Homer, Mohammed, Peter the Great, St. Francis, and Abraham Lincoln.

All this, of course, was made manifest by the New York baseball writers. The lumbering boy from the industrial school in Baltimore must have been immensely surprised by it. Something else even more cockle-warming occurred. The colonels, Huston and Ruppert, decided that they wanted their star to be satisfied. They wanted him to be happy and content. They wanted him to think that they were a pair of stout and militarized Santa Clauses. So they voluntarily tore up his contract, which called for \$10,000 annually for the ensuing two years, and gave him a new one calling for exactly twice that amount.

The generosity of the colonels and the inspiration of the baseball writers were not lost on young Mr. Ruth. No sooner had the season opened than he began hitting home runs, and when it closed in late September he had collected the unbelievable total of 54. This Homeric feat completely revolutionized the game. The day of the sacrifice, the artful fencing for a base on balls, the hit and run, and the finer points of the old game were gone. The colonels and the other owners had introduced what became known as the rabbit ball, said to jump three feet if gently tickled with a duck feather.

TO make batting even more predominant, they abolished all manner of trick deliveries by pitchers: the spit ball, the shine ball, the emery ball, the razor-blade ball, the slippery elm, or ellum, ball, the resin ball, and other subterfuges that for fifteen years past had kept the hitters at bay and given the fielders, the pitchers, and the skilled base runners the glory.

The colonels were not wholly content with aiding in the paving of the way for their star. They were completely sold on his worth and they had taken him to their large philanthropic hearts in a big way.

When that season was finished and the unheard-of record of 54 home runs had been authenticated, the colonels met, took the \$20,000 contract that had seemed so generous the year before, and burned it up. Then they wrote another, calling for \$30,000 yearly, and tendered that to the great Babe Ruth.

It was about this time that Mr. Christy Walsh came into the life of our hero. Mr. Walsh has a way of coming into the lives of people—people who are in a position to make a great deal of money for themselves and also for him. They thereupon develop heretofore unplumbed literary depths and their names begin to appear far and wide in our daily journals.

Presently a new name was blazing across the world of letters, the name of George Herman (Babe) Ruth.

His literary activities did not detract from the young man's value as a baseball player. On the contrary, he hit 59 home runs that year. The old contract once more was ripped up and one for \$52,000 for a period of five years substituted. Fifty-two thousand dollars a year for five years! Try and envision it. Two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for a water-front waif who ten years before had been penniless, a burden to his own family, and a problem to cops, truck drivers, and dispensers of loose foodstuffs!

Then came the season of 1922 and one of the black times in the life of Babe Ruth. To begin with, he incurred the displeasure of Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, high commissioner of baseball, at the close of the 1921 season by departing on an exhibition tour which the commissioner had forbidden.

The result was that Ruth did not play a game of ball in 1922 until after six weeks of the season had passed. After that the Yankees were skidding sadly. They were down in the second division, and Ruth and Meusel, who had been disciplined with him, were running more or less amuck. Finally they were disciplined by Huggins. That brought about the observation-platform incident and Ruth's subsequent contrition.

Still, Ruth had his \$52,000 salary. For 35 home runs, too. That was all he made—35, after his 59 of the year before. Not a very high figure for the great man.

The following year found Ruth reformed. He was handicapped by injuries and some illnesses, but he played in all but three games of the season. Still, he hit only 41 home runs, and the fans began to suspect that his star was setting.

The next year was little more fruitful. He hit 46. But in 1925 things began to go wrong again. Ruth had been living at a high pace, eating prodigiously, indulging his weakness for hot dogs to the limit. Hence the collapse on the station platform at Asheville, the pandemonium that followed, the hours and days of anxiety, and the long struggle back to health.

The season was almost one third run when the Babe returned to service. The great club was in a state of complete demoralization and collapse. A roistering joy club at best, it had burned itself out and fallen apart.

This new spirit of devil-may-care infected Ruth. He forgot his high resolves of 1923 and 1924 and began to tiff with Huggins again. Their acrimony reached a boiling point in the midst of a Western trip and Huggins fined Ruth \$5,000 and sent him home.

The fine didn't worry Ruth much—at the time. He figured that Colonel Ruppert would refund it. As for the suspension, he took that with bowed head and an embarrassed schoolboy attitude.

He went home—and took his case to Colonel Ruppert.

Colonel Ruppert did nothing until the club reached home. Then he appeared at the door of the dressing room.

"I've just one thing to say," he announced, "and that is that Miller Huggins is running this ball club."

The players filed out. Ruth plucked Huggins' sleeve.

"Listen, Hug," Ruth said imploringly. "I don't know when I'm well off. I'm nothing but a big sap. What th' hell, Hug, let me play today—"

Huggins let him play. He finished the season with 25 home runs for 98 games. It looked as if he was definitely through.

Then came 1926. His \$52,000 yearly contract was expiring. He was in bad with many of the newspaper boys. Something had to be done. The man who attended to the doing was Christy Walsh.

Mr. Walsh sent the Babe up to a farm. He made him get in shape. He threw a dinner for the sports writers and made the great Ruth stand up and tell what a bad boy he'd been. Then Walsh announced that the playboy days were over. He announced that Babe Ruth was going to save his money. Between Huggins and Walsh, a trust fund was established and the Babe poured his money into it. Today it is paid up, \$150,000, from which he will collect a life annuity of \$10,000.

THEN came the baseball season. Ruth began to hit again. At mid-season he was flying ahead of his old record. But accidents overtook him again. He got into 152 games, but in some he appeared only briefly. Still, he was trying and he was taking care of himself and his money. And, strangely, his escapades had shed a new glamour about him. People turned out to see this bad boy of baseball.

Moreover, a completely remade Yankee team won the American League pennant.

They lost the World's Series, but it wasn't Ruth's fault. He hit three home runs in a single game in St. Louis, and sparkled generally. That he had come back was admitted.

Those were boom years. Money was free and easy. Colonel Ruppert was making it and Ruth was the magnet that helped him. So he signed Ruth for a salary of \$70,000, and the following year the great man established his all-time record of 60 home runs for the season.

He never reached that figure again. But he never fell

very far behind it, so that when the three-year contract for \$70,000 ended in 1929 and Ruth demanded \$85,000 for a single season, the colonel compromised for \$80,000 a year for two years.

There was the crux, the peak of the erstwhile Baltimore gamin's earning power. There, too, was the high spot of baseball. That any other player will achieve Ruth's financial peak is unlikely, considering how times have changed.

Ruth is past his own financial peak now. His \$80,000 contract expired at the end of the 1931 season and last year he worked for \$70,000 on a one-year basis. He had just completed financial arrangements with Colonel Ruppert when this was written to play the 1933 season for a salary of \$52,000.

However, the Baltimore gamin is fixed for life. Besides that trust fund, he has other funds arranged to support his own and his second wife's daughter, whom he has adopted. And he has a manager alert to his needs in Mrs. Ruth II. What's left of the more than a million dollars he's taken out of baseball since he joined Baltimore, nineteen years ago, she will see that he keeps.

IN addition to this more than a million—which makes him the only man in the history of baseball to pass that mark in money actually earned in the game—he has made considerable from advertising stunts, syndicated articles, motion pictures and the like. Probably a quarter of a million, all told.

If he figured his actual wealth today it would no doubt approximate half a million dollars.

There is one matter we have not touched on: Ruth's interest in children, and especially small boys. Either it is sincere and genuine and from the heart, or it is one of the most successful pieces of press agency ever conceived. As a matter of fact,

it probably is a little of both, with a preponderance of the former.

There can be no doubt that he began his trotting off to the bedsides of sick boys or joining kid games on vacant lots as a publicity stunt, but today it is genuine. In other words, someone with a publicity idea led him to and pushed him down a street that was his, with the result that he is the idol of boyhood.

His name? He becomes a little crotchety when that subject is mentioned.

Somebody once started the rumor that his right name was Erhardt, and somebody else the story that he got the name of "Babe" in St. Mary's because he was a cry-baby. Both of these assertions burn him up.

"My name's Ruth," he says; "George Herman Ruth. It's on the records at Baltimore."

He acquired his nickname when a coach of the Baltimore club saw him walk on to the grounds, his first day with the team, and shouted that "Jack Dunn's babe" had arrived. That's that.

Now he is called "Jedge" by ball players everywhere. Ben Bengough, when a Yankee catcher, gave him that. It stuck and he likes it.

We come now to the end. There's no need to follow the great man downhill. He is where he can play for a year or so more, and then retire to his beloved golf. That's what he says he'll do when he's done with baseball—be a golf professional. Well, why not? Left-handed or not, he is a natural golfer. I even remember Craig Wood, one of the longest-driving professionals in the game, assert that Babe Ruth could and had hit a golf ball farther than anyone who ever played the game.

As for the rest of us, we can stand on the hill he led us to and look after his broad back and spindling chorus-girl legs as he pigeon-toes blithely off into the valleys.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Who Will Be the Next Heavyweight Champion?

A review of the present crop of
battlers and an estimate of their
chances to win the title

By

Jack Dempsey

Also stories and articles by
Octavus Roy Cohen—J. P. Mc-
Evoy—Samuel Merwin—Crown
Prince Wilhelm of Germany—
Paul Annixter—Doris Montague

DO TENSE DAYS double your cigarettes?

Are you like the Wall Streeters on big days? Do your nerves get going faster and faster? Does it take more and more cigarettes to hold you together? This may help you! The little Wall Street shops are selling more, more, and still more Spuds. They report that Wall Streeters call Spuds their "heavy-duty" cigarettes.



BEST FOR ALL-THE-TIME... Spud fans tell us that Spud has proved itself in the real smoking "tough spots"... where smoking is hardest and heaviest... because Spud's moist-cool, clean taste never fails. That's why so many are switching to Spud as a *constant* smoke. Have *you* discovered how Spud's mouth-happiness increases tobacco enjoyment?
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 15c

(25c IN CANADA)

*A Story of the Road to
Happiness and a Young
Couple Who Lost Their Way*

By JAMES
FRANCIS
DWYER

Illustrations by W. MACRAE GILLIES

*The vision came grad-
ually. The lost city!
Towers sprang into
the pearly sky!*



City of

PLEASURE

(Reading time: 33 minutes 2 seconds.)

YOU may have seen them during their courting days. Martin Tyson and Sally Holroyd. It is quite possible. Lots of people saw them in those early spring days of 1928. For each afternoon, between five thirty and six, they would meet somewhere near Grant's Tomb and, arm in arm, they would saunter along the Drive to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. Slowly, ever so slowly. Utterly indifferent to the lonely folk who sat and watched them. Romance-starved were many of those watchers. Sat there each afternoon to see the passing of the youth and the maid.

Beauty, says the Koran, is multiplied by its association with beauty. Not added to, mind you. Multiplied. Martin Tyson reminded one of the Borghese Gladiator in a business suit; Sally Holroyd had given more twisted necks to men-folk than any other girl in New York. Many a man who had dropped his last dollar in a falling market thought it wasn't a bad day if he rode uptown on the same bus as Sally. Not a bad day at all.

The Drive changed completely when those two came in sight. For Romance of the little white feet walked before Martin and Sally. A watcher with quick ears could catch the rustle of ghostly furbelows and the click of high-heeled shoes whose wearers have been dust for many years. Of this I have personal proof. Sitting there alone when those two came in sight, I too have heard whispers of the Past. And often there came visions

as they approached. Fine visions. Then, on a soft afternoon in June, I choked suddenly as I watched the Drive. The young man came toward me, walking alone. Alone! Quietly, slowly, not a glance to the left or the right.

Amazed, dumfounded, I watched him. "What the devil?" I gasped. Aloud I spoke the words.

I do not think he heard me. I am sure he did not. Yet he glanced at me as he went by, and then, as if a sudden fatigue had come upon him, he halted, swung at right angles, and sat himself down beside me.

I turned slowly and addressed him. "Young sir," I said, "you will pardon me. I am sure you will. For months I have watched you pass with the fairest creature in this city of New York, and this afternoon—this afternoon—"

I couldn't put the question. I was afraid.

He looked at me as if he didn't quite understand, then, after he had cleared his mind of some dream, he smiled softly and spoke.

"We," he said, and that word was a fine-welded thing as he flung it out boldly. "We," he repeated, "are going to be married tomorrow!"

And that was the beginning of my friendship with Martin Tyson and his bride, Sally. A friendship that still exists.

Here I would like to put up some slight barriers against criticism. If, at each page of this story, I do not drag in that villainous thing called Proof, I beg of

the reader to believe that Proof is without the door. The documents, as the clever advertisers say, can be seen. I have in my possession a copy of the map known to cartographers as *l'Abbé Vauron's Carte de Provence*. The original was drawn in the Abbey of St. Croix in the year 1131. And the works of Michel Nostradamus, the great astrologist of the sixteenth century, can be consulted by the curious in the Lenox Library.

To me, who had watched many affairs of the heart, there never was a love as fine as that which bound together Martin Tyson and Sally Holroyd. A love so sweet, so simple, so idyllic. It spun a golden mantle that covered them. It stepped out from them and gently tweaked the ears of passers-by, calling attention to the miracle.

Peter Tyson, uncle of Martin and senior partner in the firm of Tyson, Braid & Saunders of West Broadway, presented his nephew with a check for ten thousand dollars, telling him to take his bride on a long trip to Europe. "And don't come back till you begin to quarrel with her!" growled old Peter. "No man is any good for business till he gets an edge on his wife."

Young Martin laughed softly. "Then I'll be the biggest failure in New York City, sir," he said. "I will never quarrel with Sally."

Their joy in each other affected all who were close to them. On the trip from New York to Havre it upset some well concocted plans. A fleeing company director from Chicago, heading for Paris with all the cash he could lay his hands on, wirelessly his whereabouts and informed his distracted board that he was returning by the first available steamer. A Hollywood star seeking a Continental divorce had a wireless *rapprochement* with her mate.

It was the same during their long stay in Paris. Hard-boiled Paris. Martin Tyson and his bride were the despair of traffic policemen who compel pedestrians to cross streets between rows of shiny big-headed nails driven into the roadway. Martin and Sally couldn't see the nails. But they smiled at the

little protesting *agents*, and the little *agents* smiled back at them, for the Paris policeman, like the sitters on Riverside Drive who waited for the passing of Martin and Sally, is romance-hungry.

Slowly southward went Martin and Sally, riding the stars. Golden autumn dozed upon the fair lands of Touraine and Provence, the autumn of which Martin and Sally were part. For the fields became greener as the two rode by, and the grown lambs, just acquiring the solemnity of their mothers, became frisky again, and foals, clumsily attaining horsehood, buck-jumped across the fields.

Often a glum, mean-faced man, riding in the same compartment as Martin and Sally, would drop his *Journal des Débats* or *La Journée Industrielle* and stare at the two till springtime memories welled up through the years to blur the stupid figure columns with unusual tears. And of this too I have proof. Much proof.

WITH long pauses in little villages with singing names the two came to Arles, and although Arles is the town of pretty women, Martin Tyson saw no Arlésienne as pretty as his Sally. Not one. Sweet they were in their charming *chapelles* and black velvet headdress, but Sally had a quality that no other woman possessed. No other woman in the wide, wide world.

At Arles Martin hired an automobile to take them to Les Baux where, in the twelfth century, Queen Jeanne, the last of the grand *chatelaines*, distributed the prizes won in the Courts of Love. It was a day of unusual splendor. A day to warrant the phrase of that old French writer who described a certain morning as "One on which the languorous autumn tore the last thin veil from off her splendid bosom."

Beyond Fontvieille, where Daudet wrote his delightful *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, something went wrong with the hired machine. Martin and Sally descended. They sat in the shade of a regiment of poplars that shut off a private property from the highroad.

An old man in snuff-colored velvet thrust himself through the barrier of poplars and bowed before Sally.



Sitting there and holding hands the two lovers forgot the car and the chauffeur entirely. Yes, after months of marriage, they were still sweethearts. The green fields, the plodding bull carts with their sabot-shod drivers, the countrywomen with baskets upon their heads—all these were simply a negligible background for Sally in the eyes of Martin, and the same for Martin in the eyes of Sally. The afternoon lengthened.

The chauffeur broke in on the soft whisperings of the pair. The damage was beyond his ability to rectify. A passing truck had offered to haul the car back to Arles.

"Good lad," said Martin, dimly understanding the words of the youth. "Go to it."

"*Mais vous et madame?*" cried the chauffeur. "*Ici, il n'existe pas d'hôtel!*"

And at that moment, as if the word *hôtel* was a cue for his appearance, an old man in snuff-colored velvet thrust himself through the barrier of poplars and bowed low before Sally.

"**W**OULD monsieur and madame permit me to offer them hospitality?" said the old gentleman, speaking in high-pitched English with hardly a trace of accent. "My château is here and I would be honored in giving shelter to such delightful guests. You will pardon me, I am sure. I am—What do you call it? Ah! I am a Peeping Tom! But yes! I have been watching you for the past thirty minutes. I have been charmed and amazed by the atmosphere of supreme joy that surrounds monsieur and madame. It is thrilling! Never, never have I seen such visible devotion. It is extraordinary in the hard, unromantic world of today."

Martin and Sally stared at the old man. He belonged to another age. Plaited and plaited was the yellow skin of his face. Smocked, so to speak, and the pair wondered how the skin had been disposed of during the youth of the wearer when there were no wrinkles to take up the surplus. The puzzle made Sally smile, and when Sally smiled the old man bowed low before her.

"I am interested in the pursuit of pleasure," said the old man. "It is, I might say, the sole interest of my life. And your delight in each other intoxicates me. Will you stay in my château till the car returns in the morning?"

Martin looked at Sally; Sally looked at Martin. The black eyes of the old man were glittering interrogation points. His thin hands were thrust out in appeal.

Martin grinned; Sally smiled; the stranger, noting that his request was well received, had the look of an old lizard who had successfully snapped a fine fly.

"I am honored!" he cried. "Yes, I am honored. I am sure that my studies concerning the pursuit of pleasure will profit by your visit."

The disabled car, hitched to the tail of a truck, was started on its way back to Arles. The old gentleman offered an arm to Sally, led them a short distance down the highroad and through the great iron gates of the château. It was then about five o'clock.

The quarters allotted to Martin and Sally were in the east wing of the château. Two enormous bedrooms, each containing a single bed canopied with silken hangings suspended from the vaulted roof, and bearing beautiful hand-worked designs. The windows of both rooms looked out toward the little *Chaîne des Alpilles* on which Tartarin studied mountain climbing before setting out on his great expedition.

Martin and Sally, amused, delighted, a little uneasy, yet immensely thrilled, ran from one room to the other, looking at the canopied beds and the dark oak pieces



Martin sat by Sally's bedside long after she had slipped into slumber.

with the curiosity of children. They really were children.

Sally clutched the arm of her husband. "Martin, dear, I—I will be afraid to sleep alone!" she whispered.

"But the beds are single," protested Martin.

"I—I know," said Sally, "but we—but we have never slept in single—single beds, Martin. Couldn't you—couldn't you ask him to—to—to change the room? I—I would like a double bed."

"But this isn't a hotel where you can do a thing like that!" cried Martin. "It's the old chap's idea and we'll have to put up with it for tonight."

THEY were called to dinner at eight. An amazingly well planned and deftly served meal. Wholly Provençal. There was *La soupe aux pois chiches*, *les œufs à la provençale*, *la baudroie*, *le bœuf en daube*, and little *biscotins arlésiens*. And wines that were bottled sunshine that cried to be consumed.

And a clever, indefatigable host was the old man. He was the Comte de Prenerville. Unmarried, last of his line, sitting lizard-like in the sunshine of the Midi, and studying with much care the ways and means of attaining pleasure.

Cleverly, so cleverly he talked as he proffered delicacies to Sally. At times he used little painted phrases that startled her. Quite proper phrases, but a critical Sally, fearfully American, felt that there might be hidden in the colorful quips a little Gallic poison that might bite into her moral foundations. Carefully she reviewed those scintillating *mots*. Mentally testing them in an effort to discover their hidden virus. But they seemed harmless. Now and then Sally would glance at Martin



The soft moonlight enabled him to see the sweet face of his wife.

to find out his reaction. Martin seemed perfectly at home. Politely he listened while the old man chattered wittily.

When the liqueurs were served the tone of the count's conversation changed. He became a little more serious. "Speaking of my pursuit of pleasure," he said, "there is, outside of the fact that Provence is the most reasonable place to find it in, a special claim held by this particular section of the Midi."

He paused, looked from Sally to Martin, then back to Sally.

"Quite close to this château," he said, "there existed in the long ago the town of Tarraventras. It was known as the City of Pleasure."

Martin Tyson, who had assiduously studied the *cartes Michelin*, showed surprise. "I have never heard of it, sir," he said. "It is not on the automobile map."

The old count smiled. "No, it is not," he said. "For a very good reason. It disappeared."

Although the assertion was made lightly, it brought a little frightening thrill to Sally Tyson. The word "disappeared" flung up a picture of an enormous abyss. Fearfully but bravely she repeated the word.

"Dis—disappeared?" whispered Sally.

The count nodded. "Regretfully I have to tell you that it did," he said. "I will show you the actual site."

He sprang to his feet, walked to the big windows, and flung back the heavy damask curtains. A half moon threw an opaline wash on the countryside. The poplars stood up like candlesticks of dull silver on green field altars.

The witchery of a Provençal night, whispering of a magic past, echoing with the songs of troubadours, per-

fumed with the fragrance of exotic days, was around the château.

"The walls of the town of Tarraventras were not more than half a mile from this château," murmured the count, and his whispered words were held together by the very mucilage of mystery. "The town covered the slope, stretching back to that line of wooded hills. The principal *porte* in the ramparts would face us if the town were still there." Slowly, softly, he repeated the last sentence: "*If the town were still there.*"

Martin Tyson moistened his lips. "But what made it disappear, sir?" he asked.

The question stirred the count. He flung open the window, and the languorous night welled into the salon. The old man breathed deeply. "I will tell you!" he cried. "It is a remarkable story. An incredible story to some persons but you two will believe. Oh, yes! You, my dear friend, and your very beautiful wife will believe. Why will you believe? Because you two bear witness that such a city could exist. I watched you this afternoon and I found that your joy in each other blotted out the world! Fine selfish joy that wiped out the universe completely! You saw nothing but each other!"

"Listen! While you two whispered endearments on the roadside there went by scores of peasants who greeted you! Did you see them or hear their greetings? You did not! The blessed miracle made by your pleasure delighted me! Amazed me! Thrilled me!"

SALLY TYSON couldn't speak, but Martin was brave under the implied accusation of churlishness. "I am sorry we didn't see them, sir," he stammered. "We didn't intend to be rude. We—"

"I know you didn't intend to be rude!" interrupted the count. "The peasants knew that. They were delighted with your pleasure. May I say your selfish pleasure? Fools use that expression, selfish pleasure, sneeringly. I do not! I live for selfish pleasure. Those peasants as they passed

you on the road might have thought of the town of Tarraventras as they walked by. I am sure that they did."

Excited now was the count. Much excited. His words injected mystery into the salon. Literally charged the place.

Sally Tyson felt that mystery, dark and tangible, was piling up in the shadowy corners. Under the great *fau-teuils* and the massive couches.

Thoughts of Tarraventras restrung the muscles of the count's legs. Brought a fiery youthfulness to him. He moved in a catlike manner across the room.

Martin Tyson, watching him, thought that the old man must have been a sparrowhawk in his youth. A devilish fellow. Seventy, if a day, but picking up his feet like a colt as he crossed the room.

"You two must hear the story!" he cried. "I have a reason. A fine reason. Never will I find two persons who are so visibly seeking pleasure—again may I say selfish pleasure?—in each other's company."

He tore a parchment map from the wall and hopped to the side of Sally. "This—this," he said, and his dry, bony fingers beat the drier parchment till there came forth a sound that suggested little kettledrums in a jungle, "this is the original of what is known to the cartographers of the world as *l'Abbé Vauron's Carte de Provence*. The original!"

"You can buy copies of it in Paris. Yes, yes! Flammarion sells them. But this is the original, drawn by the Abbé Vauron, head of the Monastery of St. Croix whose ruins you passed today! Do you see the date? *Cinq Juillet, mille cent trente et un!* July 5, 1131.

Eight hundred years ago! Now look through this glass. The letters are faded. Here, here! Between Montmajour and Les Baux! Read it! Read it! Tarraventras, *Cité de Plaisir!*"

Sally Tyson tried to combat the order to examine the parchment. The dry parchment made noises like the croaking of some dreadful animal of primordial days. But the compelling words forced her head down over the sheet. Her head and that of Martin.

The lean finger of the count prodded at the faded lettering. Prodded and prodded. "Tarraventras, *Cité de Plaisir.*"

"Montmajour is there today," whispered the count. "So is the poor skeleton of Les Baux, but there isn't a trace of Tarraventras! Not a trace! Tarraventras, City of Pleasure!"

He gestured at the windows. Sally and Martin, their mental feet a little bogged with the quicklime of mystery, stared at the night. The night that was helping the count. Bringing up memories, forgotten fragrances, chants. There is a shamanism on the Midi. Provence is the last refuge of High Romance. In the splendid nights the Past rides by. One hears the clash of steel, clinking feet of chargers, the thresh of bannerets fighting the breeze.

THE count, his excitement increasing, reached for a volume bound in discolored leather. "This book," he cried, his black eyes fixed on Sally, "was printed at Paris in the year 1619—five hundred years after Tarraventras disappeared! But it tells of it! Yes, yes! The description is given in the old *lingua d'Oc*, the tongue of the troubadours, so if you will permit me I will translate."

Sally Tyson had a wild desire to escape to her room. She glanced at Martin. Martin was watching the count, open-eyed, apparently delighted with the prospect of hearing the full history of the town that had disappeared.

Sally felt that Martin at that moment was farther away from her than he had been since their marriage. She thought, strangely, that the count was taking him from her!

The count, with his incredible story, was separating her from Martin!

"This city of Tarraventras concerned itself solely with the pursuit of pleasure!" said the old man, and although his voice was low it seemed to have the tingling quality of a silver bugle. "Selfish pleasure! From dawn till dusk the people tried to make life worth while. They laughed, they sang, they ate and drank, and made love. They flung the gates open to troubadours and wandering minstrels! To jugglers and sorcerers, and wine merchants, and vendors of honey and sweetmeats and spices! But solemn persons—thinkers, preachers, runners who came with bad tidings, and disaffected persons with troubles or strange beliefs—they locked outside! Outside the gates!"

Martin grinned. Martin approved. Sally saw it plainly. The curious fear that clutched her grew.

"The Bishop of Arles was annoyed with the city," ran the words of the count. Spearlike words aimed at Martin. "The pursuit of pleasure was a sin, said the bishop. A great sin. But Tarraventras didn't care. When monks came to the gates of the city to preach the First Crusade the people pelted them with stones. They cared nothing about Jerusalem! Nothing at all!"

"They were having a fine time in Tarraventras. Dancing, eating, drinking, and making love. Jerusalem? What was the Holy Sepulcher to them? Nothing! Nothing at all!"

"Stories ran up and down the country. Strange stories. Folk said—folk said that the people of Tarraventras had sold themselves to the Evil One. They said that the music that came from the town was played by musicians from hell itself, and to these tunes the people danced!"

"It is written here: '*Les gens de Tarraventras ont dansé tous les jours avec la musique faite par de petits diables qui arrivaient directement de l'enfer!*'"

"Picture the town! Picture it! Can you see it now?"

Out there in the moonlight! Pursuing pleasure! What a glorious belief! What a wonderful life to lead!"

Sally Tyson thought that she might scream at any moment. Scream loudly to relieve her feelings. The words of the old man were little pincers that pulled at her nerves. To her eyes the count became a teacher of evil. His words were seductive, poisonous. Yet Martin—her Martin appeared to be absorbing the tale with delight! He wouldn't look at Sally. His eyes, round with wonder, were upon the count.

"What—what happened, sir?" gasped Martin. "What happened to—to make the city disappear?"

On tiptoes the count stepped close to Martin. "This is the reason printed in the book," he whispered. "A saint who was starving and stricken with thirst came to the gates of Tarraventras. He asked to be let in, but he looked so sad and weary that the guards refused. And the saint got angry. He stood off from the town and cursed it. Cursed it for a night and a day, never stopping for breath. In Latin and Greek and Egyptian he cursed the city."

"And the ramparts and the buildings disappeared, and the people also. They drifted away as he flung his curses at them. Drifted away till there wasn't a sign of the city!"

Martin Tyson swallowed uneasily. "Do you believe that, sir?" he asked.

The count laughed maliciously. "I am inclined to believe what the great astrologer, Michel Nostradamus, and the country folk around here think," he said, his voice rising. "They think Tarraventras is still there! Still there!"

He sprang forward and pointed at the quiet countryside. "*Still there, but invisible!* They believe that some power, evil or otherwise, took it out of the ken of ordinary eyes, but that—but that it can be seen by those—by those who seek pleasure in the way the people of Tarraventras sought it!"

"That is why I spoke to you and your beautiful wife. Your pleasure in each other was so extraordinary, so amazing, so supremely selfish—"

"No, no, no!" cried Sally Tyson. "Not selfish! Not selfish! We—we— Martin! Martin! Oh, I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

The old count bowed humbly. "I ask madame's pardon," he murmured. "I have upset her. I regret it exceedingly." Hurriedly he answered the question of Martin. "Yes, yes, I will ring for the servants. She can retire at once. Please accept my apologies. I didn't think! I am sorry!"

Sally Tyson sobbed herself to sleep. In their quarters she had begged Martin's forgiveness. She had been silly. Of course. But some strange fear had clutched her during the telling of the story. She couldn't control herself. Would Martin forgive her? That word "selfish" had upset her.

MARTIN sat by Sally's bedside long after she had slipped into uneasy slumber. The soft moonlight enabled him to see the sweet face of his wife.

He told himself that there was no one in the world like the little lady he had married. No one with a hundredth part of her charm and beauty.

With the delight of the lover Martin's eyes went over every sweet feature, extracting immense joy from the examination and the knowledge that he, Martin, was the one person privileged constantly to enjoy their loveliness. The contemplation of the long lashes folded down upon the velvety cheeks brought an ecstasy that alarmed him by its very intensity.

With an effort he shifted his gaze to the pert little nose. There was never such a saucy little nose as that possessed by Sally. And possessed by him, Martin! It was his! He could touch it, kiss it, sit close to it and worship it with his eyes.

And her lips! Were there ever such lips? The color of red hollyhocks moistened with dawn dew. Enchanted with his possessions he gazed at the filmy lace that rose and fell on a bosom of moon-whiteness.

Selfish? Of course he was selfish! The old count was right. Why should he have seen the wretched peasants

when he was looking at Sally? Why see anyone or anything? If there could be a pinnacle in the pursuit of selfish pleasure, he, Martin Tyson, had reached it. The world could go hang as far as he was concerned. He had health and strength, a good position, and he had Sally! He had Sally! Why, he was exactly one hundred and sixty pounds of supreme selfishness! Undiluted, first-grade selfishness.

On tiptoes he left Sally's bedroom and entered his own. He walked to the window and looked out at the moon-washed fields.

His body thrilled with a pleasure that was a little frightening. Sleep was impossible.

Colorful scraps from the strange narrative of the count swept through the mind of Martin. He pictured the gay town of Tarraventras whose inhabitants pursued pleasure from dawn till dusk.

Clever folk, Martin thought. Selfish, of course, but he, Martin, was like them. And he didn't think it wrong. Not at all.

And the country people thought the city was still there? Still there, but only visible to those who sought pleasure in the same thorough manner in which the folk of Tarraventras sought it.

Martin smiled as he stared at the fields. He thought of his own pursuit of joy. He was surely the equal of those people whose history was a babbled tale of Provence. He laughed softly.

THE vision came gradually. Out of the soft mists of the summer night. The strong hands of Martin Tyson clutched the window frame. His head was thrust forward, a throaty exclamation came from his lips. Immovable, speechless, unblinking, he stared at the site of Tarraventras, *Cité de Plaisir*!

For an instant he felt that he had gone insane. He reassured himself. Then thoughts of the wine he had drunk disturbed him. He rubbed his eyes with his hands. No, it was still there! The lost city! Gaining depth and detail with each instant. Towers sprang into the pearly sky! Ramparts rose upon the grassy slopes! Narrow winding streets lined with quaint houses were plain to Martin's view! Streets with people walking in them. Youths and maidens. Walking and dancing.

Martin Tyson swung around and glanced at the door leading into the room Sally occupied. There came a fierce desire to arouse his wife, but he held it in check. *Sally might not see the town!*

She had rebelled against the word "selfish" when the count had used it in speaking of her joy. Tarraventras was visible only to those whose pursuit of pleasure was marked with splendid downright selfishness! The very presence of Sally might dissipate the extraordinary sight! Quite possible.

Martin tiptoed out into the hall. A dim lamp burned at the head of the

this 70c Value for 39¢



Shave Cream

The world's largest seller due to its olive oil principle. Regular 35c value.

Talc

Palmolive quality—soft, soothing—the perfect finish for every shave. Regular 25c value.

Styptic Pencil

Improved type. For sealing razor cuts. Regular 10c value.

**Make your
money buy
almost double**

IT'S the bargain of the year, men—this regular 70c shaving value for only 39¢! Here are the items: a full-size tube of Palmolive Shave Cream—the world's most popular brand. Plus Palmolive Talc, famous everywhere for its soothing effects. And in addition, a new improved styptic pencil that works wonders in sealing razor cuts. These useful articles come to you in a handsome Cellophane-wrapped package. All for 39¢.

Make your purchase at once. Your dealer's supply is limited. They won't last long at these special prices for standard values.

Palmolive Shave Cream . . .	35c
Palmolive Talc . . .	25c
Styptic Pencil . . .	10c
Value . . .	70c
ALL 3 FOR 39c	

See Your Dealer Today

stairway. Silently, noiselessly, Martin crept down the stairs.

He lifted the iron bar that fastened the big door and passed out into the softly breathing night. The night that gathered him to it as if it was expecting him.

Martin Tyson entered the City of Tarraventras by an arched gate above which, carved in stone, were the arms of the town—an evil-looking Silenus flanked with wine jars. And there was a motto in Old French that the keen eyes of the young man deciphered in the moonlight: "*Fais ce que voudras. Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.*" Martin smiled as he read it. A fine motto. "Do what you like. It is only the dead who do not return." What better slogan could be found for a city of pleasure?

The atmosphere of the town, once Martin was inside the gate, was possessed of a tangible quality. It soothed him. It nourished him in a strange manner. It killed weariness so that he had a belief he would never feel fatigue. Never again.

He charged up a slope of cobblestones into a group of dancers. Young men and young women. Quaintly and beautifully dressed. And the wonder of wonders to Martin was the fact that he was accepted without question. He became one of the group. Without any effort on his part he was of the party. They were of his own age. They were handsome, smiling, and courteous.

Two girls moved apart to allow Martin in the line. He stepped gallantly forward; took a hand of each, and at a cry from the leader the whole group danced off down the street.

Tarraventras was *en fête*. Tarraventras was gay. It throbbed, it pounded, it was filled with the music of violins, of flutes, of little tambours. The air dripped music. Tingling chords that ran up and up and touched the little trembling stars.

Martin was beside himself. He was in another world. A world that was strange and new and wonderful. A world filled with perfumes that whipped the brain like silken lashes. Extraordinary perfumes. They met him at each turning in the little streets. Mystical frankincense; odorous ambergris that rolled over him like an unseen flood of color, stirring desires of which he knew nothing; musk that clutched at his throat like warm delightful fingers!

He sniffed the perfumes hungrily. They brought a new life! A sensuous life that flamed and danced within him. He was a new Martin, a man of fire and action, swinging in space. Swinging between the earth and the little stars that winked at him with understanding.

Martin Tyson looked at the girl on his right. Her dark flashing eyes were turned upon him. Eyes that were thirsty things that drank him up. Drank him up, body and soul. Red were her lips. Redder than any lips he had ever seen. And her mouth was a hungry mouth as it came toward his own. A voracious mouth. For an instant he had a little fear of that mouth, then the flood of ambergris rolled over him again and fear fled. Her lips touched Martin's. The rhythm of Tarraventras rose louder. Louder still.

MARTIN was alone with the girl now. Dancing along the streets. Strips of scarlet brocade and snakelike pennants of crimson silk hanging from the balconies whipped their faces as they danced. Flowers rained upon them.

They crossed a wide *place*. Smooth as polished lava was the pavement. Filled with dancers. Dancers moving to the wild surge of music that came from some unseen source.

It was at the far end of the *place* that Martin Tyson saw Sally. *His Sally!* His wife! She fled by him, half a dozen gallants in pursuit.

Martin Tyson tore himself from the arms of his companion. Rudely, roughly, he flung the red-lipped girl from him. Swiftly he ran in the direction taken by Sally! He cried out her name. Screamed it aloud. "*Sally! Sally!*"

And each cry of agony had an amazing effect. The houses drifted away as if blasted by the fear and horror in the voice of Martin. Towers and streets became hur-

rying mist. The dancers disappeared. Martin Tyson of New York City found himself standing alone on a green slope, a slope dotted with shining poplars that stood up like candlesticks of dull silver.

Martin, rushing into his own room, found Sally standing at the door that connected her bedroom with his. Sally, in her lacy nightdress, her little hands on her breast, her eyes large with fear.

"Martin!" she gasped. "Oh, Martin! You—you called me, and when—and when I rushed to the door I couldn't—I couldn't find you! Martin! *Martin!*"

Stumbling like a drunken man Martin covered the space that separated him from Sally. He fell at her feet and flung his arms around her knees. She was real! Real flesh and blood. He pressed his lips against her, he babbled of his pursuit of her, of his cries as she passed him on the *place* of Tarraventras.

"What—what took you there, Sally?" he cried. "Tell me! *Tell me!*"

"Took me where?" gasped Sally.

"To that place!" sobbed Martin. "I saw you! They—they were chasing you!"

"Please explain," whispered Sally. "I do not understand."

HURRIEDLY, stammeringly, Martin told the story. He had seen the City of Pleasure from the window! He had rushed toward it! He had passed through the gate. He had danced. Danced with a girl whose eyes were large and whose red, voracious lips frightened him. *And he had seen Sally!* On the *place* he had seen Sally pursued by handsome gallants!

He had cried out to her. Cried out her name again and again. Then, to his great amazement, the city had disappeared.

Sally Tyson slipped down upon the carpet and drew the head of Martin to her shoulder. "It was a dream, sweetheart," she whispered. "A dream, Martin!"

"No, no, it wasn't!" cried Martin. "I saw the motto carved upon the stone. '*Fais ce que voudras. Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.*' I saw it plainly. I remember the letters. I translated it to myself. I—I liked the motto. Then, then, Sally. Not now! Not now!"

"What—what does it mean?" asked Sally.

"It means do what you like," answered Martin. "Do what you like and—it is only the dead who do not return. It's a fool motto. It's bad! It's bad, Sally."

Sally slipped into his arms. Her lips were close to his ear. She was babbling something to him. Something that he could not altogether understand. Something that was queerly elusive. Something that fired his brain, rocked him, choked him with emotion.

"What, what?" he cried. "Sally! What? Tell me again! Sally! Good God, Sally! *My Sally!*"

Between his kisses she gasped out little words. "That—that is why—we—we cannot be—be selfish—any—any more, Martin!" she sobbed. "We—we must love him—her—because—because he—she is a link with—with the world! The dead do return, Martin! In—in their children!"

Awe-struck was Martin Tyson. Terrified, appalled. Sally's words battered down the selfish pride that had been his a few hours before. Sally had said that he and she must love the world because—because someone yet unborn would be a link with it! A link with the big throbbing world around them! And Sally said—how damnably wise was this Sally of his!—Sally said that the dead did return in their children! In their children! And in their children's children! Why—why, he and Sally would never die. They would go on through the centuries! Walking from Grant's Tomb to One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street along Riverside Drive! Voyaging to Paris and Palm Beach and Provence! *In the person of their children!* Riding along white roads in the sunshine! Babbling to each other in the shade of silver poplars!

Martin began to sob. "I love the whole world!" he stammered. "All of it, Sally! Sally, tell me all that again! Whisper it!"

The dawn approached as Sally broke from her hus-

band's arms. "Martin, dear, let us go away!" she whispered. "Now, Martin, now! I am afraid of the house! Afraid of the old count! He made you listen to him! He might—he might have separated us, Martin! Let's go and wait for the car on the road."

Hurriedly they dressed, murmuring soft words to each other. The faint light of the new day came through the windows of the stairway as they crept down into the hall. Softly Martin lifted the iron bar that he had lifted several hours before. It was no dream! Thoughts of it made him shiver now as he recalled the fastening.

"Sally," said Martin, as they stood outside, "we shouldn't go without leaving a message. We accepted his hospitality. Wait in the garden. I will step into the salon and write him a note."

Martin Tyson stepped into the dim salon. For a moment he did not see the figure in the armchair. It was the soft voice that told him the count was there. Sitting as they had left him hours before.

"I heard you go out in the night," said the old man. "And I heard you come back. You saw, yes? You saw? It is true? Tell me! Tell me!"

Martin Tyson, a little startled by the questions,

tried to pull himself together. "It—it is an illusion, sir," he said quietly. "An illusion that—that comes to the—to the supremely selfish. I can't explain. But—but it is all wrong! All wrong! Would you please excuse us? My wife—my wife wishes to walk along the road a little way. I came in to write a note to you—to you, explaining why we were leaving so early."

The count was on his feet now. He approached Martin Tyson and took his hand. "You are changed," he said softly. "Much changed. I must have been wrong. Last

night I thought you were—I thought you were the one person in the world with the qualities that would make you see Tarraventras. This morning, looking at you, I find that I was a fool. Good-by, young man. Will you give my regards to madame? I must be getting old. Good-by! Good-by!"

Martin Tyson hurried out into the cool dawn where Sally awaited him. The highroad beckoned them.

Martin was thrilled. His children and his children's children might also come that way some day.

They might hear the story of Tarraventras. Softly he prayed that they would never see the vision of the City of Pleasure.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What islands comprise the Balearic group?

2—Who were called mænads?

3—How tall is Primo Carnera, the heavyweight boxer?

4—How do the areas of England proper and Texas compare?

5—What language is spoken in Switzerland?

6—How large is the existing supply of coal in the United States?

7—Who is the author of "Stone walls do not a prison make"?

8—What color is bister?

9—Where is Columbus buried?

10—How long ago was glass first made?

11—What two modern languages are virtually the same

in written form, but vary considerably when spoken?

12—For whom were the Bermuda Islands named?

13—What metal must be present in an alloy before it can be called an amalgam?

14—What is a funicular railway?

15—When and in what battle did Lord Nelson lose his eye?

16—Why did Friday come to be considered an unlucky day?

17—What is nacre?

18—From what is the Russian drink vodka generally distilled?

19—In what governmental department does the weather bureau function?

20—Who was called the Border Minstrel?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

Why is Squibb Aspirin easier to take?
(see page 58 for the answer)

"...so of course I use
their **ASPIRIN** too!"

COUNTLESS thousands of women—and men too—have either said or thought just this. After years of satisfactory use of other Squibb products they find it both natural and logical to standardize on Squibb Aspirin. And this is precisely the reason why every day more and more people, who through experience have become "Squibb-minded," are saying "Squibb Aspirin, please!"

Squibb Aspirin—made by the 75-year-old House of Squibb—has every property necessary to the perfect aspirin tablet. It is Pure—Effective—Safe. It is firmly compressed and does not crumble in the box or on the tongue, yet it disintegrates quickly in water or when swallowed whole. It is exact in dosage—kept so by rigid laboratory control; and it reaches you still exact, because of its firm compression.

All true-service drug stores carry Squibb Aspirin. Usually, too, it costs less than other advertised brands. Buy the 12-tablet box for purse or pocket; the 100-tablet bottle for home economy. Say "Squibb Aspirin, please!" Look for the name before you buy.



SQUIBB ASPIRIN

- Pure
- Effective
- Safe

The TRUTH ABOUT MY LIFE



By

CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

(Reading time:

17 minutes 50 seconds.)

THE Crown Prince paid a fervent tribute to Geraldine Farrar, both as he had known her at the height of her glory and as he found her in retirement seventeen years later, in the fourth of this series of articles, in Liberty last week. He also laid a wreath upon the tomb of Caruso and expressed his admiration of Fritz Kreisler. He revealed his predilections as a theatergoer, avowing a love of Shakespeare and a weakness for great actors in general. As his favorite film stars he named Garbo, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and two Germans, Konrad Veidt and Werner Kraus.

He described his routine as a business executive managing his estates and other Hohenzollern interests, and gave a glimpse of his domestic life at his favorite home, the Cecilienhof in Potsdam. He discussed the Steel Helmet, whose badge he wears. It was founded, he said, not for militaristic purposes but primarily to keep alive in German youth the lofty spirit that animated Germany's soldiers throughout the World War. He disavowed the slightest wish for any future war, but gave it as his conviction that "eternal peace must remain a dream."

PART FIVE—HE PLAYS THE GAME

SPORT is more international than art. It is even more universal than gold. The disciplined muscle, the athletic attitude toward life are the same in every circle of the globe.

Give me a sportsman and we shall understand each other at once. We speak the same language, no matter from what country he comes. Sport is a bridge of understanding between the nations. It was sport and sportsmanship which first reestablished friendly relations and friendly rivalries between the nations which were involved in the great slaughter of the World War.

Every great civilization is built upon sound bodies. The Greeks, like the Romans, were a nation of athletes.



The Crown Prince in conversation with Hans von Stuck, the great racing driver.

The World League of Sports—A Hohenzollern Football Fan—Ice Hockey, Polo, Tennis—A Blonde Golf Hazard—Olympic Prospects

These articles by Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany are protected by copyright. Reproduction in whole or in part is forbidden.

The Anglo-Saxon race owes no small part of its world dominion to the physical and character training which it received by fostering sports and sportsmanship.

Today more than ever it is essential to maintain athletics as a counterweight against the machine. Our bodies and souls will shrivel and deteriorate unless we oppose to the empire of the machine the empire of muscle and discipline—sports.

Sport wedded to military discipline is the keynote of my education. It always has played an important part in my life.

I was always extraordinarily fond of football and of Rugby. The American game fascinated me especially. My favorite sport is ice hockey.

More than twenty years ago I established in Berlin the first amateur ice hockey team. But my passion has always been polo, king of all games.

What can be more captivating than the close coöperation between the player and his pony? Polo should be called the game of centaurs; in a polo match rider and steed become one. I played my best polo game in Egypt, where I was trained by the three British officers Leslie Cheape, Tomkinson, and Barrett, whose extraordinary skill subsequently won for them many American laurels.

Polo is the king of sports and the sport of kings. King

Alfonso of Spain is an excellent polo player of international reputation. He, as well as I, was invested with the honorary command of an English regiment by King George. Mine was a Hussar regiment. Shortly before the war King Alfonso and I

planned to play against each other with our British regiments. Then came the war—the deluge.

Tennis, like polo, is a royal sport. King Gustavus of Sweden is a serious tennis player, who owes his victory in many matches not to courtesy but to his expert game. When I saw the King a few years ago on the Riviera, I witnessed an amusing scene. The King forgot to change



Drawing by
CHARLES DE FEO



"My passion has always been polo. I played my best polo game in Egypt."

Left: The Crown Prince in the uniform of his English Hussar regiment.

his position in a double game, whereupon his partner imploringly called out: "*A gauche, sire, à gauche!*" ("To the left, sire, to the left!")

Quick-wittedly the King replied: "That's what my ministers always tell me, and I always forget."

In spite of this forgetfulness of "the left," as we call the radicals in Europe, the King is the most democratic of monarchs. Except at official functions, he is always addressed as "Mr. G."

I received my first tennis lesson as a young fellow. A famous old English trainer by the name of Carr was my teacher. He developed my form and enabled me to hold my own in a tennis match.

Before the war my tennis attracted some notice. I was very fond of swinging the racket in the Rot-Weiss Club and other places in Berlin. Most crack tennis players were my personal friends. Once a year we fought a friendly match in Heiligendamm, a little watering place on the Baltic of which the Crown Princess is extraordinarily fond. Heiligendamm was the rendezvous where I frequently trained with great players. It is not surpris-

ing that my game improved rapidly.

I owe my progress in no small degree to my old friend Otto von Mueller. Von Mueller led a company in my regiment. Later he graduated into the General Staff. Today he is my general repre-

sentative with full power of attorney. In his youth von Mueller was the German tennis champion, a few years before that distinction passed to Otto Froitzheim. Von Mueller won no less than thirty international championships. When I played with him I was not the Prince but merely the tennis player. He took me severely to task for the slightest error.

In one of our tourneys in Heiligendamm I played with von Mueller against the two German master players Rahe and Kleinschroth. Among those eagerly watching us in the first row was a famous horsewoman who carried a little dog in her lap. In the midst of a rally the dog made a wild dash and jumped straight in front of my feet.

THIS aroused general indignation both among the spectators and the players. The lady was covered with blushes. Excitedly she stuttered: "I trust your Imperial Highness will forgive the annoyance caused by my dog."

"That's perfectly all right," I replied without hesitation, "as long as it wasn't one of your horses."

This sally relieved the lady's embarrassment and caused general laughter, which confused our opponents and helped us to win the point.

I hardly ever miss a Davis Cup match, and I am always delighted to greet foreign players in Berlin. I have known and admired Perry, Austin, Tilden, Allison, Van Ryn, Cochet, Borotra, and the two queens of tennis, Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs.



Bring those SHOE BILLS down to earth

So long as boys are boys and girls are girls, they're going to be a strain on pocketbooks.

But you can cut the cost of their fun with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles—the tough, sure-footed, waterproof soles that give weeks and weeks of extra wear.

Any shoe will wear longer when the soles wear longer. Ask for these soles, made by the makers of Goodyear Tires, when you're buying new shoes or getting shoes repaired. With all their toughness, they don't cost a cent more to buy.



GOOD YEAR

Wingfoot

SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

It seems to me that the American tennis players have revolutionized the game in the last few years. America has given a new speed not only to industry but to sport. We Europeans must regretfully reconcile ourselves to the fact that before long American tennis will dominate everywhere.

Of course I play golf. Who does not? I play golf as passionately as I play tennis. I am especially fond of the Wannsee Golf Club between Potsdam and Berlin. I am at home there and I enjoy its unique facilities immensely. It is unfortunate, however, that I cannot sometimes make myself invisible like the prince in the fairy tale. It is of course pleasant to be popular. But it is not pleasant to have unsought company thrust upon one, especially on the golf links.

At Wannsee I have a special caddie who knows my habits. He is the most perfect of caddies. In the last five years he has lost only one ball! This caddie, called Ruth, not only watches my game minutely but keeps an eye on everything that happens in my vicinity. He knows that I do not like to be distracted.

One day we noticed some distance ahead a straw-blonde, somewhat corpulent lady who every now and then looked back at me. Her game became slower and slower. It was difficult for us not to pass her. Finally we did. Suddenly her speed changed and she played so fast that she left us behind again. The buxom beauty then nonchalantly stopped and asked if she could not play with me.

I neither refused nor accepted her proffer but, wrapping myself in the mantle of silence, deliberately continued my game. The lady pursued me to the next hole, and continued to talk to me about things that not in the least enlisted my attention. I pretended to be deaf and walked on.

THIS continued until we reached the seventeenth hole. I knew that my agony would soon be ended. When we had reached the last hole, the lady said to me, lifting her eyebrows reproachfully: "I think it is very curious that you do not introduce yourself to me."

Before I could answer, my caddie burst out loudly: "But, your Imperial Highness, the lady knows exactly who you are! I overheard her when she asked the master of the links—"

I patted the caddie on the shoulder and laughed, much amused. The lady, smitten with consternation, gave her busy tongue a rest. I hope she disturbed no other man's game after this experience.

I am not a snob. I like the camaraderie of the golf links and of the stadium. But I see no reason why I must permit anyone to invade my privacy when I am not in the mood for talking. Every gentleman has the right to guard his privacy against social poachers.

I have often been criticized in Germany because of my enthusiasm for bicycle racing. However, in this

sport I do not participate actively. I content myself with watching others. Frequently, in spite of admonitions from my friends and advisers, I attended the six-day racing nights in the German capital.

The six-day races make the most excruciating demands upon the endurance and the self-control of the contestants. Racing under such conditions is a supreme test of human fortitude. I cannot but admire chaps who drop from their wheels with fatigue, who strain their arms and their legs, dislocate their shoulders, lie five minutes like dead, and five minutes later resume their course with a new spurt of energy and new *élan*, as if nothing had happened.

What an example for soldiers, and what an example for gilded youth too weary to play its part in life! In prewar days I donated the Golden Wheel of Friedenau and insisted upon personally conferring the prize upon the winners in these six-day races.

IT is significant that it was bicycle racing which initiated the first peaceful contest between the nations after the great cataclysm. Frenchmen as well as Americans took part in a bicycle event in our sport palace, while our own men were greeted at the *Vélo d'Hiver* of Paris in the most friendly fashion. Sportsmen, unlike poets, do not write hymns of hate. They fight. But after the fight is over they shake hands without harboring ancient resentments.

When I first returned from Wieringen to the German Republic it was considered risky for me to be seen in public at the six-day races. I tried to steal unrecognized into my old box at the stadium. I also made up my mind to establish a prize for the winner. I gave the prize anonymously. It was announced on the screen as coming from "an old friend of the six-day races."

But soon I was discovered and recognized. "*Wilhelm, du bist doch ein Sportsmann!*" ("Bill, you're a good sport!") shouted the galleries, instead of hooting me as some of my friends had feared.

My attendance at such popular diversions was motivated not merely by my interest in sports but; consciously or unconsciously, by the desire to mix with my people.

I would not be a Prussian officer if I were not a lover of horse-racing. As a cavalryman I know good horseflesh. In my youth I took part in several horse races against the will of my father the Emperor. In those days I could not understand his objections. With maturity came comprehension. Now that I myself am a father and oftentimes fear for the safety of my own children, I can understand the Emperor's anxiety.

Once, after I had sinned by violating my father's injunction, I was summoned before him with the instruction to appear in full-dress uniform. That meant an official rebuke. I was to face not the father but the Emperor. I expected a very serious

session, and I was not disappointed. The Emperor lectured me very severely. After half an hour he asked me, apparently very earnestly: "Well, and how did you make out?"

"Von Königsmarck beat me by the length of a nose, your Majesty," I replied, considerably embarrassed.

"I suggest," the Emperor remarked, unable to suppress a smile, "that the next time you come out ahead by the length of a nose!"

I would not be a child of my own time if I were not interested intensely in automobile races. I myself discovered one of our German champions, my young friend Hans von Stuck. The only European racer who can be mentioned in the same breath with von Stuck is the Italian Caracciola. Von Stuck made 120 records in the last three years. He is the European mountain champion (*Europa Bergmeister*), the international Alpine champion (*Alpenmeister*), and has won the Brazilian mountain title as well (*Bergmeistertitel*).

I RAN across von Stuck at an automobile race in Salzburg eight years ago. My attention was attracted by a tall, good-looking blond boy who drove like a madman in the most queer-looking of cars. He beat every contestant, although he was only a beginner.

I asked to have him presented to me, and finding him a most likable fellow I played the part of providence to the extent of procuring a backer and a real racing car for the young sportsman. Since that time I have always had my eye on him. I am willing to do almost anything for him, except one thing: I won't drive in his car with him. His curves are too risky!

I was helpful in arranging another match for Stuck. This time a matrimonial match. I am responsible for his marriage.

I introduced Stuck, who so far has established 229 records, to a lady who wields the tennis racket as skillfully as she wields the pen. I refer to Baroness Paula von Reznicek. Paula, as everybody calls her, vies with Cilly Aussem and Fräulein Krahwinkel and other German tennis players of international fame. She has won many championships in Germany, France, Switzerland, and on the Riviera. The Baroness, who like myself is a native of Silesia, holds the title of being the best woman tennis player in Berlin. Helen Wills writes about Paula von Reznicek:

"Until recently she has ranked ahead of Cilly Aussem; but as she did not travel about, it was generally thought that Cilly was the No. 1 ranking player of her country. The Baroness' game was new to me. I had watched it for a moment the day before, but most casually. She had been playing on a court alongside the clubhouse of the Rot-Weiss Club. I saw a good-looking woman playing a not unusual-looking game, conservative in stroke and certainly with nothing spectacular about it."



When fighting colds make \$1 equal \$3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or \$1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

THIS is no time to waste money! It's no time to neglect health! Be safe and fight colds with Pepsodent Antiseptic as millions are doing. After all, it's just plain, simple arithmetic that makes people change to Pepsodent.

\$1 does the work of \$3

Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds and throat irritations. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful

enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs within 10 seconds.*

It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have germs in your mouth *after* you gargle . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be safe!

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore-throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	Dandruff
Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

However, on the following day Helen Wills made an astonishing discovery:

"The balls that she [the Baroness] hit on her back hand did not bounce! If you are playing in the back court, the ball's bounce is a rather essential part of the game. The Baroness favored her back hand, ran around balls.

"At first I thought the ball had hit some loose gravel lying in the court. I examined the spot suspiciously, but no, there were no signs of unevenness. Finally I realized that the absolute lack of bounce was due to the way in which she executed the stroke. It was a push rather than a swing of the racket, which left the ball with a curious deadness from which it did not recover. Already she had won a number of games. I seldom have seen such an unusual trick."

When I presented Stuck to the Baroness, she said: "A crazy man who risks his life for a tenth of a second does not appeal to me, even if he is good-looking." Stuck, whom I had taken with me to the tennis match, remarked: "I cannot take a woman seriously who spends all her life chasing a tiny felt ball." Now they are married. She has even taught her young husband to chase the ball himself. But she has not yet learned to drive a racing car. Together the couple have won 355 trophies, records, and championships. It is indeed a record match.

I like the casual encounters in the field of sport. Last year I drove my Mercedes "SS," the same model which gave von Stuck his luckiest breaks. I was speeding along the great automobile highway from Potsdam to Berlin when I espied Major Campbell, the great British racer, who had arrived for a great event that was to take place the following day. I greeted Campbell. Not recognizing me, the Scotchman shouted:

"Hold on, old chap. Don't be in such a hurry. You can step on the gas all you want tomorrow. But not now! And, by the way, who are you, anyhow?"

I introduced myself. Major Campbell laughed and we became fast friends. Campbell confided to me his adventure with a Berlin policeman.

He had been driving very slowly along the main avenue of the metropolis, trying to locate a shop. He was driving so slowly that he impeded the traffic.

A traffic officer stepped up to him and said:

"Mister, you are driving too slowly. I must fine you five marks."

Campbell at first refused.

The officer, conscious of doing his duty, became energetic.

"Let me see your papers," he said.

When he read the name Malcolm Campbell the officer laughed loudly.

"I am afraid I cannot relieve you of the fine, but I hope that you will nevertheless give me your autograph."

Thus the fastest driver in the world was fined by the Berlin police for driving too slowly!

Sport, as I have pointed out, breaks down national barriers and national prejudice. It is for this reason that I welcomed the generosity of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden when he extended a six months' course of training under his guidance to forty Italian athletes.

For six months the Italians were Mr. Macfadden's guests. For six months they studied his system of training. After their return home they received academic credits for the time they had spent under his tutelage.

Mussolini's prompt acceptance of Mr. Macfadden's offer shows how readily the great Italian statesman grasped the importance of such a gesture. The forty young Italians will not only spread Mr. Macfadden's gospel of physical culture but also the gospel of Americanism. They will be living links between Italy and the United States.

I welcome the exchange of athletes inaugurated by Mr. Macfadden, and trust that, like the exchange of professors and students fostered by my father and Theodore Roosevelt, it will grow into a permanent institution. I should like to see German athletes in the United States, and I should like to see American athletes at our own High School of Physical Culture.

Ambassadors represent their sovereigns, ministers their respective states; but athletes and sportsmen are emissaries from people to people. *The athletes and the sportsmen speak to the heart of the masses.* Few men have done more than my old friend Count Felix von Luckner to reawaken sentiments friendly to Germany in the United States.

Similarly, Schmeling's victory was a clearer indication of German strength and fitness to millions of people than the General Theory of Relativity or the most skillful lecture in Williamstown by any professor of political science. Speaking of boxing, I myself have never seen a big bout. But I learned to handle the gloves in Holland. It is one of the fruits of my long sojourn in Wieringen.

We were *Turners* even before physical culture was discovered in the United States. Such names as Jahn are graven in the annals of hygiene and athletics forever. They are also engraved in the annals of patriotism.

The *Turner* movement owed much of its inspiration to the German desire for emancipation from the Napoleonic yoke. When that great aim was accomplished the movement lost some of its original impetus. But anyone

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer.

How long will it take you to solve it?

By H. A. RIPLEY

RECEIVED AT		Postal Telegraph		This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by symbol in the check or in the address.	
STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE		THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM		DAY LETTER NIGHT MESSAGE DAY LETTER NIGHT MESSAGE DAY LETTER NIGHT MESSAGE DAY LETTER NIGHT MESSAGE	
E F CAVANAUGH		Commercial Cables		Mackay Radio	
STATES ATTORNEY'S INVESTIGATOR		PEORIA ILL		APRIL 22 1933	
CHADWICK SAYS WHILE COMING UP DRIVE SAW MAN CLIMB LADDER OPEN WINDOW AND ENTER HIS BEDROOM STOP THAT HE HURRIED AS QUICKLY AS HIS LAMENESS ALLOWED TO HOUSE WHICH WAS SECURELY LOCKED STOP GOT PISTOL FROM LIBRARY QUIETLY PHONED POLICE THEN WENT UPSTAIRS TO FIND BURGLAR HAD ALREADY ESCAPED WITH VALUABLE JEWELRY FROM DRESSER STOP ON FLOOR TO LEFT OF ROPE LADDER HOOKED TO INSIDE SILL I DISCOVERED WOMANS THREE CARAT DIAMOND RING STOP FOUND INDISTINCT FOOTPRINTS ON WINDOWSILL AND DRIED MUD ON RUG STOP CHADWICK SAYS STRONG EAST WIND BLOWING AT TIME STOP FROM ABOVE YOU WILL SEE ROBBERY WAS FAKED		STABUS STIGGINS		Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph	

Why Was Stiggins Confident Chadwick Had Faked the Robbery?
The solution will appear next week.

who watches our young sportsmen today will find in them the same sheer joy in the body, in exercise and athletic contests, as that which distinguished Greece in its flower and which is part of American life.

I welcome the fact that the next Olympiad will take place in Berlin. The commingling of many peoples on the field of sport accomplishes more for international good feeling than ten sessions of the League of Nations. Germany is ready to receive the athletes of the world and to vie with them in friendly rivalry.

It seems to me that the possibility of close coöperation in the world of sports carries with it a lesson for the economists and for the politicians. The political restlessness of the world, the staggering problem of unemployment created by man's incomplete adjustment to the machine age and accentuated by the blunders of the Peace Treaty of Versailles, are not beyond alleviation. If politicians and business men would meet in the spirit that characterizes a meeting of sportsmen it would be possible to achieve that world-wide economic co-operation which is our only salvation.

In next week's article the Crown Prince will discuss his experiences with Count Zeppelin and Orville Wright; an exciting war adventure with a British flyer; the part of women in sports; and the basic psychology of militarism.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



Cooking Aid

JUNIOR, having been given brown medicine for his cold, inquired one day when his mother was cooking what was in a certain bottle.

"Vanilla for the pudding," said his mother, pouring some into a spoon.

"Oh!" came the rejoinder. "Medicine for the pudding."—Mrs. B. Ware, Room 225, 307 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

On the Outs

THE pet family goat had just butted little Harriet, which frightened her rather than hurt her. She went to the corner of the pen, sat down, and started to cry.

The goat approached and nudged her gently; followed that with a long ba-a-a.

"Go way!" cried Harriet. "And don't talk to me!"—H. M. Price, 1108 Chester Avenue, Bakersfield, Calif.



Who else wants to save \$100 or more on clothes?

YES, women have saved \$100—and more — just by changing to Rinso. For with Rinso there's no washday abuse. Clothes don't need to be rubbed and scrubbed threadbare. Dirt is gently soaked out—the life of clothes is more than doubled!

Colors come bright as new, this "scrubless" way. White things look 4 or 5 shades whiter. You'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps again!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. The makers of 40 famous washers—the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—recommend Rinso. Great for dishes and all cleaning—so easy on the hands. Get the BIG package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

Try it for dishes, too
—it's so easy on
your hands



The biggest-selling package soap in America



Robert Armstrong and John Gilbert in *Fast Workers*—and they're fast in more things than in riveting steel.

*Ronald Colman's
Latest Picture;
Steel and Romance;
A Fine Animal
Act; and a Western*

Double, Trouble,

(Reading time: 8 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE perfect double—a situation in which one person can impersonate another—has long been a fascinating idea with storytellers.

It's easy to write about, but darned hard to dramatize on the stage, for the reason that it is almost impossible to find two men of equal acting ability who look enough alike.

Here is where the cinema has it all over the theater; for, due to technical triumphs of cinematographers, the same actor can play *both* parts, appearing in the dual characters *simultaneously* with absolute realism.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ + THE MASQUERADER

CAST

John Chilcote and John Loder, Ronald Colman; Eve Chilcote, Elissa Landi; Lady Joyce, Juliette Compton; Block, Halliwell Hobbes; Fraser, David Torrence; Lakely, Claude King; Bobby, Creighton Hale; Robbins, Helen Jerome Eddy.

Directed by Richard Wallace.
Produced by United Artists.

John Chilcote—Ronald Colman—is a member of Parliament and the leader of his party. But he is a hop-head. While wandering in the fog he meets up with John Loder—Ronald Colman—a cousin who has just returned to

England after twenty years. Imagine their surprise when they realize that they look exactly alike!

During a great political crisis Chilcote flies to pieces, and decides to let his cousin appear and make his speech. Loder does so triumphantly. Then follows a series of situations tragic, amusing, and embarrassing. While Chilcote languishes in Loder's quarters full of hop, Loder, coached by Chilcote's "man," turns down the fellow's mistress and acts kindly toward his estranged wife, Elissa Landi. In a short time the wife and the masquerader are in love. Deuced awkward.

When Chilcote dies, Loder decides

to beat it. But Elissa tells him she now knows who he is, and if it's oke with him it's oke with her. So it's double oke, and they plight their troth on the old oken stairway.

Colman acts the dual rôle superbly.

★ ★ FAST WORKERS

CAST

Gunner Smith, John Gilbert; Bucker Reilly, Robert Armstrong; Mary, Mae Clarke; Millie, Muriel Kirkland; Spike, Vince Barnett; Virginia, Virginia Cherrill; Nurse, Muriel Evans; Pinky Magoo, Sterling Holloway; Scudder, Guy Usher; Feets, Warner Richmond; Alabam, Robert Burns.

Directed by Tod Browning.
Produced by M.-G.-M.

Men who set hot rivets a hundred stories above the ground are likely to relax rather tempestuously. Structural steel workers are rough but not roughnecks. Quite as rough in their amours as they are in their works. Here one day and there the next, they are not really the marrying kind. But—

Jack Gilbert and Bob Armstrong are a team. Bob sets the rivets and Jack works the pneumatic gun. Mae Clarke, a rough young gold-digger, is mashed on Jack, who won't give her a tumble. Bob, a big cluck, falls for her. Jack, to cure him, lures Mae into some snappy kodaks; but even though he's such a smart guy, he too falls in love.

Bob, having secretly married Mae, is sore and he spills Jack on the job. Regrets it, for after all they are pals. The boys stick together, the girl is ordered to scram. Bob then falls for the nurse.



A real old Western, Under the Tonto Rim provides thrills galore. The photograph shows Verna Hillie and Stuart Erwin.

The Big Cage—a circus film—displays some real good animal stuff. Clyde Beatty is the young trainer.

By ROB WAGNER

The Masquerader gives Ronald Colman (below) a chance to play a "double" part superbly. Elissa Landi gives him good support.



"And after breaking all my bones to cure him of skirts!" sighs Jack.

Jack Gilbert better than in sweet romance; Bob Armstrong a riot of dull stupidity; Mae Clarke charmingly hard-boiled.

★ ★ THE BIG CAGE

CAST

Clyde Beatty, Clyde Beatty; Lillian Langley, Anita Page; "Scoops," Andy Devine; "Soup-meat," Vince Barnett; Russ Penny, Wallace Ford; Jimmy, Mickey Rooney; Timothy O'Hara, Raymond Hatton; John Whipple, Reginald Barlow; Glenn Stoner, Edward Peil, Sr.; Henry Cameron, Robert McWade; Bob Mills, Wilfred Lucas.

Directed by Kurt Neumann.
Produced by Universal.

If you like make-believe courage, how'd you like to see some real courage? Stripping Clyde Beatty's animal act of all hokum and showmanship, it takes courage to prance

and Thrills

into a huge cage with forty snarling tigers and lions who hate one another with jungle fervor.

The circus is on the rocks. Clyde, "the youngest animal trainer in the world"—and surely the handsomest!—decides to buck up business by working lions and tigers in the same cage. "It can't be done!" Clyde tries it with one pair, and heavens, what a fight! Sticks and stones avail nothing. The two six-hundred-pound creatures are all over the cage in the largest and greatest animal thrill ever filmed. A fire hose finally separates them.

But Clyde persists, and finally works twenty of each kind together, armed only with a chair, a whip, and a pistol with blank cartridges. Sure there is a story, but what of it? Clyde and his horrid pets are the whole show. Next to the fight the greatest thrill is to see Clyde trick a huge vicious tiger into submission until he has him rolling over and over like a trained seal.

★ UNDER THE TONTO RIM

CAST

Tonto Daily, Stuart Erwin; Munther, Fred Kohler; Porky, Raymond Hatton; Nina Weston, Verna Hillie; Joe Gilbert, John Lodge; Tex, Fuzzy Knight; Weston, George Barbier; Sally Mumford, Patricia Farley; Mabel Turner, Marion Bardell; Sheriff, Edwin J. Brady; Chief of Police, Allan Garcia.

Directed by Henry Hathaway.
Produced by Paramount.

Verna Hillie, a hot-cha girl from New York, arrives at her father's rancho. Ah, this is the life!—cactus, coyotes, and big free he-men of the West! All but Stuart Erwin, who is

just a good-natured worm all the cowboys make fun of. Fred Kohler and John Lodge are a couple of centipedes working for Verna's dad and rustling cattle on the side. A lot of dirty fannoodlin' and the worm turns!

First he abducts Verna, takes her to an abandoned shack, ties her to a chair, and kisses her in a most unwormy manner! During his next turning, socko! socko! socko! and a lotta centipedes bite the dust. Father rushes to the rescue of his dotter, and is about to squash the worm when Verna intercedes. That kiss had sung up and down her spine like a giant jew's-harp, and she is now all atwitter with love.

Clinch, and the sun sets on another good old Western.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round.

★★★—The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th.

The Ghost of the MINE

(Reading time: 21 minutes 57 seconds.)

SAMBO came to us at Pocahontas, Virginia, one of a carload lot of mules. Black as the ace of spades, nicely built, kind of smallish, not too much sunlight under his belly—he certainly took the beauty prize in that shipment. But that wasn't what was remarkable about him, although a good-looking mule is a curiosity any time. Sambo had personality. He was as near to being human as a mule can be.

You see, mules aren't like horses. In the first place, they're much more intelligent. Secondly, they have jackass blood in their veins, and nature meant jackasses to be wild and free. Mules therefore look on humans as their born enemies. A mule will obey man's orders because there's no way out of it. But there's no love lost. I never knew one to care a cuss for a human. Which was why Sambo was so remarkable. But Clint Moss didn't know it, the day he was unloaded.

Clint Moss was our stable boss, and there wasn't a finer judge of mule flesh in all the Pocahontas coal fields. Since it was one of his duties to inspect and accept the shipment of mules, he was on hand to watch the unloading and see that every animal was up to specifications. He spotted Sambo right away because he began to kick the minute he came off the box car. Tom Frazier had ridden over from Tazewell to receive his seventy-five-percent final payment.

"We can't accept that mule, Tom," said Clint, pointing to Sambo. "He kicks all the time."

Tom couldn't see it. Not for nothing had he the reputation of being the slickest mule trader in the coal fields.

"Why, Clint," he whined in amazed surprise, "there ain't a word about kicking in the specifications. If you wanted mules that don't kick, why in hell didn't you say so in the contract?"

What could Clint say? Tom had him there. He signed for Sambo—and his troubles began.

Sambo was about two years old and had never been broken. Iron shoes and harness were mysteries to him. However, Clint had roped cattle in Wyoming, before the sheep-raising days, and knew his wild animals. So when the stableboys found Sambo too much of a handful and called for help, he got out his lariat. It was no trick for him to rope and throw Sambo and, placing a hackamore on his nose, to lead him into a sort of strait-jacket box stall in the stable in which he could neither turn his head nor raise his rump.

That strait-jacket meant absolutely nothing to Sambo. He just put his breast against one end of the stall, his buttocks against the other end, then, bracing himself, pushed that stall apart just as neat as you please. Out



he galloped again to the two-acre lot, kicking and jumping as if possessed by a thousand black devils.

Clint's dander was up. He rather fancied himself as a mule wrangler, and no two-year-old was going to outsmart him. Furthermore, the sheer beauty of the animal, his high-spirited stubbornness, and the intelligent gleam in his eye were a sure challenge to his ability. So he roped Sambo again, tied him up hoof to hoof, then, calling for a sledge, had him hauled ignominiously off to the hospital section of the stable, where a heavy canvas bandage was slipped around his middle. And before he knew it, Mr. Sambo was dangling up in the air, hoisted like an elevator. All the stable hands thought it was mighty comical, and they laughed and laughed at the way Sambo rolled his eyes around. But Sambo wasn't scared. He was just taking things in. Clint said afterward he could have sworn Sambo laughed too. Certainly he let the men put the iron shoes on him; he even took kindly to the harness—barring a few kicks. But all the while he kept cocking those jackass ears of his knowingly and he kept looking very wise, with a twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, "Just wait. I'm getting the lay of the land. My time to outsmart you is coming." Then fate played into his hands. The management was putting all hands to rush work around the outside of the mines, and Sambo's services were needed. So Clint Moss turned him over to the mine foreman as a broken work mule. And the fun began.

For Sambo was no more a broken mule than a bushel of sweet potatoes is a window sash. The only thing that could be said in his favor was that he did not bite; nor did he rear on his hind legs and paw men down with his front feet—a favorite mule trick. Right from the start there was nothing mean or vicious about Sambo. He played fair—according to mule ethics—meaning that anyone who approached his rear end was a legitimate target, and that he had his pride. Sambo was out to vindicate mule rights in a man-made world.

It was decided, after due consideration, that it would be a good idea to introduce Sambo to the workaday world by placing him in the center of a string team of three mules, with special attention given to the selection of team mates guaranteed to make his debut a success. The novice found himself placed between a lead mule who

The Story of an Underground Drama and the Friendship of a Boy and a Mule

By
**EVE
GARRETTE
GRADY**

Picture by HENRY LUHRS

had an evil reputation as a kicker and a "breech" mule who was in similar bad repute as a biter. Furthermore, being large, middle-aged, and rather cynical about life, they were the type who were taking no nonsense from a frisky youngster out to defy established tradition. The idea was that every mule was to pull with a will, each doing his even share of work; and if there was any slackening off in the middle, the lead mule would kick Sambo, and kick him hard. But if Sambo attempted to kick, he would find that the teeth of the rear mule were suddenly sunk into his tender flanks. In other words, a Scylla and Charybdis situation.

Sambo took his initiation sportingly enough. He was far from lazy. He had no objection to work. But he wanted it distinctly understood that he was willing to comply with man-made laws only when it suited his convenience to do so. No punishment was going to prevent him from going on a kicking spree whenever he felt the need of expressing himself. And since he was frequently so moved, Clint Moss saw that the temper of two reliable work mules would soon be irreparably spoiled. It always meant a free-for-all, with harness torn and work disrupted. Sambo was forthwith assigned to the rock dump.

THE mule loved the rock dump. In the first place, it was entirely independent of work elsewhere around the outside of the mine—an individualist's paradise. Secondly, on the rock dump there were all sorts of opportunities for developing one's personality, especially if one happened to be a mule. There was, for example, the business of "breasting" mine cars, something about one mule in a thousand can learn to do. Sambo took to it at once. It was perfectly obvious that the business of bumping mine cars off his chest intrigued him. Furthermore, on the rock dump he could kick to his heart's content.

However, it is a rule around the mines that if cars full of refuse that come out of the mines are not emptied at the rock dump by the time the five-thirty whistle blows, the mule and his driver will simply have to work overtime until they are unloaded. The cars must be empty for



It was Sambo, half dragging the stiff, lifeless form of his buddy, Bill Cain.

the morning shift. And because Sambo took frequent time out for kicking, it speedily developed that he and his driver were scheduled to remain on the job instead of going off home to the stable with all the others at quitting time. Sambo, however, had other ideas on the subject. He decided that he did not care to work overtime—for nothing. No matter where he was or what he was doing, when the five-thirty whistle blew Sambo was through for the day. He would drop his work then and there, and depart for the stable at a dead gallop.

It was at this juncture that the Management stepped into the picture. Being a very efficiently minded gentleman, with a theory that there is a way of solving every problem, be it large or small, he took it upon himself to step around to the rock dump to give Sambo's Negro driver a lesson in mule wrangling. He was tired of hearing of the little black mule's exploits. Sambo was by no means unappreciative. For the Management's interest in his education he gave him a souvenir that simply took him off his feet. It was in the form of the prettiest imprint of his hoof on the Management's left leg that you ever saw.

The Management rose limply to his feet and pulled himself together. Then, because it is Management psychology to retire from the field with some honors of

This
noted
medical
authority
states:—

“Harsh laxatives cause untold trouble”

PROFESSOR DR. DANIEL JACOBSON, who makes the above startling statement, is an authority of the great University of Copenhagen and one of the greatest medical experts in Denmark.

As he explains it, “Laxative drugs and cathartics in the long run *weaken* the intestines.” And he adds:—

“I recommend a remedy which overcomes constipation not harshly but gently—fresh yeast. Fresh yeast—a food—stimulates peristalsis (bowel movement). It softens the wastes in the intestines . . . making elimination easier, more complete.

“It invigorates the whole system.”

Wouldn't you like to test—for a period of, say, 60 days, the effect of yeast on *your* health?

Then simply eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Soon—as yeast “tones” and strengthens your intestines—you should discover that *you no longer need* weakening pills!

Isn't it worth trying? Then *do* try it. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast *now!*

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

“—was just what I needed”

“I felt tired out,” writes Mrs. Cecile Stout of Philadelphia, “and was terribly bothered with indigestion. I knew my system was clogged . . . As the doctor had recommended Fleischmann's Yeast to my son, I tried it myself. It cleared up my constipation and indigestion and built up my strength.”



Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

battle, he discharged the Negro driver. As he was turning majestically away his eye caught that of a lanky mountain youth, clad in about nothing but a pair of tattered pants, who had been standing by watching. There was no mistaking the expression of admiration for the mule on the boy's face. The Management said sharply:

“Boy, can you drive a mule?”

“Yes, suh, I reckon so.”

“Well, boy, if you can handle this devil, the job is yours.” And the Management moved painfully off.

Bill Cain stepped briskly forward. But the moment his hand touched the mule's head, Sambo began to kick.

In a few moments, brandishing the trunk of a birch sapling about as thick as a man's forearm and covered with branches, Bill Cain stepped forward again.

The battle was on. A crowd quickly gathered. And all bets were on Sambo.

But Bill was young and strong and a fighter. Furthermore, he believed in using strategy. Every time Sambo kicked high in the air, the sharp, stinging switch of a birch would wrap itself around his tender forelegs. Bill Cain was reserving his strength, waiting for the little mule to show signs of tiring. And when that moment finally came, the boy began bringing the main trunk of the tree down upon the mule's rump and body with all his might, until from sheer exhaustion and pain poor Sambo dropped to his haunches, panting and groaning and bleeding. It was a cruel beating.

Sid Brown, from his grand-stand seat on a near-by fence, crystallized popular opinion. “Mules never disremember,” he said wisely. “I've known them to wait for months and months and then kick somebody like it was jest now they'd been beating them.” All nodded solemn agreement.

And when Bill insisted upon making Sambo totter to his feet, and got on his back to ride him back to the stable—Sambo who was so proud that he allowed no man to mount him, Sambo who had been publicly humiliated—there were more headshakings and further prophecies.

BILL CAIN led Sambo into an empty stall, and proceeded to bathe and sponge his wounds and bruises, and soothe them with cooling salve. All that night he spent in the stable with the tortured beast, nursing him, talking to him—explaining.

The next day he refused to allow Sambo to be worked, but continued to take care of his wounds. But the following day Bill Cain got on Sambo's back again and rode him out to work on the rock pile. Sambo was as meek as a lamb.

District Mine Foreman Kelly came out of the mines to report to the Management that “the mountain was beginning to walk around”—the coal miner's way of saying that pillars of coal which support the roof of the

mine are beginning to “squeeze” and collapse, causing cave-ins. It meant danger. Kelly further reported that one of the most important underground tunnels, called the “narrows,” through which mine cars are hauled by mules on a single-gauge track, had become so small as a consequence of the “squeeze” that now only a small mule could get through the passageway. Since there were no small mules inside the mine, District Mine Foreman Kelly needed one from the outside, and needed it quick. Naturally the Management thought of Sambo.

His kicked leg was a constant reminder. Bill Cain was sent for and ordered to take Sambo into the mine that night.

But Bill Cain had never been underground in his life. Furthermore, being a true hill billy, he was filled with terror at the prospect, and said as much. The Management, however, succinctly informed him that if he wanted to drive Sambo he'd have to work in the mines—because that was where Sambo was going. Which gave the boy no alternative. With victory over Sambo sweet in his mouth, he was not going to quit the field. If Sambo went into the mines he was going too.

THE boy was badly frightened. And not until he got over to the stable to take Sambo underground that night did he pull himself together. Another driver and an experienced mine mule were on hand to guide the novices to their new working place in the bowels of the earth.

The stars were shining as the little procession approached the West Mine drift mouth. Suddenly there were no stars overhead, only a lowering blackness pierced by the wavering lights of mine lamps. All was dark and still. Bill Cain pulled out a cigarette. A match flared. There was a tap on his shoulder.

“Don't do that, buddy. Bad business, smoking in mines. That's what causes lots of explosions.” The cigarette dropped from his trembling mouth. The little procession marched on, on into the thickening blackness.

All night long Sambo thrashed up and down the stall in the underground stable in torment. Hideous, bloated-looking rats sat in his feed box, boldly eating his grain. From some mysterious source came the maddening drip, drip of water; overhead, the far-away rumble of distant thunder. The mountain walking around. Sambo was terrified. He wasn't a free soul any more; just a frightened little black mule. Bill Cain knew how he felt.

He came in and talked to him, and finally lay beside Sambo in his stall. Each found comfort from the other. A frightened boy and a frightened mule.

Morning came but not the daylight; only eerie, flickering lights and a great commotion as different drivers harnessed their mules and went off into the darkness to their places

of work—their lamps dipping and bobbing like so many fireflies on a summer's evening.

In a few days Sambo was working like an old hand. And when he was introduced to the "narrows," where the passage was so small that he actually had to walk with a bent foreleg in order to squeeze through at all with his little train of mine cars, he took to his tunnel like a duck to water.

As for Bill Cain, the mysterious fascination of the world underground as suddenly seized him. Happy days flew by, with the cementing of friendship between Bill Cain and the mule Sambo. Ever since that first night in the mine they had been buddies. One of the sights underground was the mountain boy jauntily perched on the front of his train of mine cars, rattling merrily along the track singing loudly "My sweetheart's the mule of the mines!" while Sambo cocked an appreciative jackass ear.

Then one day, quite by accident, Sambo stumbled upon a new trick—one which, from his point of view, was the last word in mule self-expression. Certainly the commotion it created made all of his previous exploits look pale and feeble in comparison. Sambo discovered that if, when he got right into the middle of the "narrows," he should decide to stop for rest and quiet meditation, not only could he cause all sorts of excitement by blocking all underground mine traffic, but also—and more to the point—nobody could do a thing about it until he chose to move out of the tunnel. For in driving through the "narrows" Bill Cain, his boss, was obliged to crouch between the second and third mine cars, virtually a prisoner. He could not even throw a lump of coal at his rebellious buddy. The discovery made a new mule of Sambo. It gave him a magnificent sense of power. Sambo saw that his future underground held tremendous enjoyable possibilities. But not District Mine Foreman Kelly.

MR. KELLY was a hot-headed Irishman. Just a few of Sambo's mule tricks went a long way with him. Therefore, one morning, when the Management had come underground on a tour of inspection just in time to witness one of Sambo's stellar performances, with traffic disrupted as far as eye could see, Mr. Kelly delivered himself of an ultimatum.

The Management was plainly informed that either that so-and-so mule Sambo be removed from the mine at once or District Mine Foreman Kelly's resignation was in order.

But the Management had a great deal on his mind that morning. The mountain was beginning to walk again. He was worried. So he did not stop to bandy words with Kelly, but hopped on a long train of coal cars that was running past. Shouting to Kelly that he would see him later, the Management came out of the mine.

Arriving on the surface, he stepped over to the office of the general mine foreman, Eddie Jones, to inform him that they had to do something about that so-and-so mule Sambo. The words were hardly out of his mouth when suddenly there was a low, ominous roar, followed by a hissing explosion.

Then forth from the very mouth of the mine from which he had come not a minute before, with the roar of a thousand cannons set hellishly loose, belched sod, rock, twisted rails, timber shot with billows of smoke and angry tongues of flame that leaped forth to lick and sear the mountain side. The sky grew black. The earth trembled with rage.

It seemed as though the world had come to an end. It had, inside the mine.

Then began a week of hell. No other word can describe the aftermath of a mine explosion. One hundred and seventy-six men, with their picks and lamps and lunch boxes, had gone down into the mine that fine October morning. One hundred and seventy-six dead men were brought out, one by one.

The explosion occurred on Tuesday. Rescue parties, led by the Management and General Mine Foreman Eddie Jones, worked day and night until the last body was recovered on Saturday night. It was decided to resume operations the following morning. However, to make assurance doubly sure that all was in safe condition



hair today... and gone tomorrow

The kind of care you give your hair today is reflected in tomorrow's crop. This is because there is a constant shedding of hair going on all the time. If the scalp is healthy, the shed hairs are replaced by a new, healthy growth. Regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments insure this new growth. Before every shampoo apply the Tonic generously to the scalp; massage until it tingles and the scalp moves loosely. Then shampoo. These Tonic treatments cleanse and tone the scalp, keep the glands normal and active, promote an abundant replacement of hair. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere

recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

**BE SURE YOU GET THE
GENUINE**

Look for the trademark Vaseline when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.Copyright 1933, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



**Discovers secret
of popularity
thanks to DR. EDWARDS**

FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the liver, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

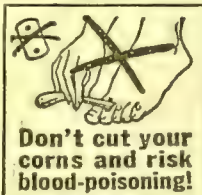
Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

CORNS



Gives INSTANT Relief!

Be careful how you treat corns! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be 100% safe and sure! These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain at once and quickly rid you of corns. By removing the cause—shoe friction and pressure, they prevent corns and blisters; heal sore toes overnight. At all drug and shoe stores.



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

underground, the Management and Eddie Jones were first obliged to make a thorough and detailed inspection of the entire district of the mine in which the explosion had taken place.

Although both men had been able to snatch a few hours of sleep after the last of the funerals was held—the first they had had for over four days—their nerves were none too steady as they went underground, and neither was looking forward with any pleasure to the task before him. Three o'clock in the morning. Alone in an empty mine that had been a death trap. They moved nervously forward.

Suddenly, as they approached one of the abandoned galleries standing filled with water—a mine swamp—came an ominous crackling sound overhead. Coal, which hung like loose plaster on an attic ceiling on the low roof of the mine, was beginning to break and fall in huge slabs. It was death to be caught beneath it. The men rushed into the swamp, running for their lives, the roof falling on their heels. Came a cry of terror. One lamp went out. Little Eddie Jones was in water over his head. He could not swim. The Management hastily hoisted him on his back, and on they pressed, too frightened to notice that the rippling and falling of the coal had ceased as suddenly as it began.

Not until they found themselves out of the water entirely did they mark the fact that all was silent in the mine, silent except for the tap, tap, tap of dripping water and the far-away rumble of a restless, moving mountain overhead. They threw themselves on the mine floor, breathing heavily from their exertion. And as they lay—just like madmen, they both began to laugh and laugh and laugh. The empty mine gave back the echo of their crazy mirth. Then little Eddie clutched the Management's arm.

"What's that?" he whispered. "I hear footsteps."

The Management roared with glee. "Ha-ha-ha! That's a good one," he gasped. "There's not a living soul in this mine except us. And if I hadn't been taller than you—"

"I tell you I hear footsteps," hissed Eddie. "Listen."

As they strained their ears in the darkness, far off, somewhere behind the curtain of black that stretched before them, came the faint but unmistakable sound of approaching footsteps. Clump, clump, clump.

"WHO'S there?" the Management called. "Hello! Hello!" There was no reply. The footsteps ceased. All was still. The men listened breathlessly. Not a sound.

"Hark," whispered Eddie. Again came a clump, clump, clump. The sound of footsteps. Again the men called. Again silence followed.

"It's a ghost!" cried Eddie. His teeth were chattering. Both frankly shook with fear. Ghosts. Perhaps so. Ghosts of dead men. Ghosts of

human souls come back to haunt the mine. Come back to whisper spirit warnings through the curtain of black. It was so dark in the mine. Nothing to pierce it but the feeble, flickering ray of one miner's lamp. And out of that terrifying darkness, drawing nearer and nearer, a relentless tread. Louder and louder. Clump, clump, clump. Nearer—nearer.

Eddie's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The Management's heart was pounding like the beat of a drum, filling his ears with a deafening roar. But nothing could drown it. Clump, clump, clump. Then he caught the sound of breathing. Heavy, labored breathing.

"Ghosts don't breathe!" he shouted hysterically in a voice that sounded miles and miles away.

He swung his lamp aloft just as the apparition stepped into the circle of light.

It was Sambo. Sambo half dragging, half holding in his mouth the stiff, lifeless form of his buddy, Bill Cain. Sambo, the only creature to come out of the explosion alive.

The mule gently laid the boy's body on the floor of the mine and stood still. The Management would have rushed forward, but Eddie pulled him back.

"DON'T do that, boss!" he cried. "That mule's had no food or water for almost five days. He's apt to attack us. He's dangerous."

And Sambo blocked their path. With hair standing on end, the men waited. Sambo waited too. Two men and a black mule eying each other; each waiting for the other to make the first move. It seemed as though centuries rolled by.

Finally the Management spoke: "Come on. Let's take a chance. What's one more in a week like this?"

He and Eddie stepped forward and edged cautiously past the mule. Sambo stood immobile, like a creature carved from ebony, his dead master at his feet.

They could not see the expression in his eyes. The men stopped. The animal turned his head and looked after them.

"It don't seem right not to take Bill Cain with us," muttered Eddie.

The men turned and picked up the boy's body, and slowly the little procession retreated down the black corridor, Sambo following closely behind. Clump, clump, clump.

Sambo didn't seem to notice when suddenly stars shone overhead. He wandered off into a clump of bushes back of the repair shop after he saw the Management and Eddie Jones carry Bill Cain inside.

The next morning, when they went out to look for him, they found Sambo lying quietly in the bushes. He was dead.

Some people say he died from the horror of his week's experience in the mine. Some say he died of hunger. I think he died of a broken heart.

THE END



TO THE LADIES!



(Reading time: 4 min. 40 sec.)

"JIMMY loves Betty."

Scrawled as it is over the public fences of New York, this romance of an ex-mayor and a show girl is a *real* romance—a true love story of reputation sacrificed, of the world well lost.

"He is head over heels in love with her," Peggy Fears told me. Theatrical producer in her own right, Peggy Fears, you know, is the wife of A. C. Blumenthal—Jimmy Walker's staunchest friend. Peggy loves Jimmy, too—but in a sisterly way.

"I have my suits made by his tailor," she said. "My coats are cut just like his, and they are of the same material that he wears."

It is not my intention to hold a sentimental wake for Jimmy Walker. But I cannot help being impressed by the mark he has left upon women and men who knew him intimately. This, however, is an interview with Peggy Fears. Let's talk about her stage opinions.

She helped the late Flo Ziegfeld pick chorus girls for his last Follies shows. "The face is the thing," she says. "I choose a girl for her facial beauty first—then for her legs. Girls come to me in their street clothes. When I see that a girl can manage to look effective in a fourteen-dollar dress, I know I can make her look like a million dollars on the stage."

Little girls are in favor now, according to Peggy. Big soft blondes of former years are no longer wanted. Too spectacular. Men ashamed to be seen with them.

Peggy Fears is a genuine Creole—a New Orleans girl of French and Spanish blood. Edgar Allan Poe was a forbear of hers, and Alexander Hamilton was another ancestor. Peggy is our most important lady producer of Broadway shows, and she's only twenty-six!

"HOW well should we know people," a reader asks, "before we invite them to dinner at our home?"

This question is rather complicated nowadays by the mixture of social and business obligations. I believe, however, that when inviting new acquaintances to your house for the first time, it is best to use an occasion less formal than dinner. Tea parties, cocktail parties, and luncheons serve this purpose well. New friends can also be entertained advantageously at your club or at a restaurant. Another point: Ordinarily I think it is good to follow the old rule of including your host and hostess in any invitation you extend to a guest you have met for the first time at their house.

LOVE and pride come later or sooner to grips when a modern girl marries a wild man. By *wild* I mean rampant, headstrong, giddy with egoism.

Wild husbands were fashionably romantic in the old, submissive days. Women are no longer willing to be the only domesticated animal in the home. I know three

By PRINCESS

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

up-to-date girls who married wild men—with these results:

Irene divorced her wild husband after a year. He was a business promoter. He brought home

hilarious mobs of "prospects" at all hours. Did Irene love him? By all means.

"But I saw that his ways were incurable," she says, "and I am too independent to let myself be driven crazy by any man."

Linda has been trying for ten years to rationalize *her* wild husband, a temperamental architect. She fights him through all his rampages. Their life, she tells me, has become a perfect hell.

"But I won't give in," she says. "I won't be a mere housekeeper for any man."

Celia has followed the line of least resistance with her wild husband. She has gone wild with him. Their house is bedlam, their children are savage little fiends.

Different as they are, these three cases indicate one conclusion, it seems to me: Wild husbands have had their day.



Peggy Fears

CHICKEN a la Riviera is very French, quite elegant, and thoroughly delicious. It's not difficult to make.

Cut up and fry your chicken 15 minutes in butter. Do same with new potatoes the size of walnuts—three per person. For each person fry also in butter 1 globe artichoke bottom cut in quarters (discard leaves and fuzzy part). Chicken, potatoes, and artichokes go into the oven for 10 minutes now, all together in a covered pan. Transfer them next to an earthenware casserole, adding 12 ripe black olives, 3 tablespoons cooking sherry or white wine, 1½ tablespoons bouillon, ½ tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper. Cover and cook 15 minutes in slow oven. Serve with green salad.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD baby girl of my acquaintance has mystified her elders by showing an extraordinary interest in little boxes. Pretty little boxes hypnotize the child.

At a luncheon party the other day I saw three grown-up women enthuse extravagantly over a minute box displayed by one of our company. It was a tiny beautiful green box made of chrysoprase. Full of jujubes, if you want to know.

What ensnares my curiosity is the mystic influence of little boxes upon two-year-olds and upon mature women. Are we all Pandoras at heart? Through life, from infancy, are little tight-shut boxes attractive to our minds because they may hold secret treasures untold? Is the little box our last link with ancient womanhood?

THE romance of Jewish wanderlust has been fascinatingly told by Marvin Lowenthal in his new book, *A World Passed By*. (Harper & Brothers.)



Vox

In Which Bank Depositors Can Foam at the Mouth But with Light Hearts

NORWALK, OHIO—When Congress authorizes the Post Office Department to remove all limitations and add a checking service to the Postal Savings, the banks can take a permanent holiday.

It will require a slight increase in the clerical force in the post offices, but that



will cost only a fraction of what the taxpayers are today paying for their thoroughly discredited private banking service.

As for the closed banks, with the early repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment the addition of a few fittings and some furniture will make these handsome buildings admirable places in which to meet one's friends and sit and sip one's beer.

And from bank clerk to bartender is really not such a broad jump as one at first imagines.—*Kay Jackson.*

It's Doubtful, Bob, Whether They Would, But We Keep Trying to Help Them

U. S. S. LEXINGTON—In regard to Philip Wylie's article Let's Make It Hell, in the March 18 issue of Liberty, you can quote me, from one end of the earth to the other, as saying I have never read a more clearly worded piece of literature depicting conditions as they are.

If more people would take some of their spare time and utilize it to a better advantage than working jig-saw puzzles they might learn a few things.—*Robert Delf.*

But Think of the Fun the Crown Prince Has Posing as Little Rollo! It Relaxes Him

IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO—I have just finished reading an article written for your magazine by Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany.

According to his idea, Germany was as innocent as a new-laid egg and the horrid Allies picked on her and caused the war. He does not mention the un-called-for invasion of Belgium by the German army.

He can't understand why the United States entered the war and gives some feeble reasons supposed to have been told to him by two captured American soldiers.

He forgets, no doubt, about the sinking by German submarine of the Lusitania and its cargo of American men, women, and children at a time when the United States was a neutral nation.

Then he intimates that it was by the protection of God that Germany was enabled to stand off the combined Allied countries for such a long time, evidently forgetting the fact that Germany had been making preparations over a long period for just such a war and drinking toasts to *der Tag* ("the day") when they should conquer the world.—*Mrs. N. M. Whitney.*

A Red-Beard Points with Scorn

LAWRENCE, KAN.—I read with great interest the article by the ex-Crown Prince of Germany entitled The Truth About My Life in the March 25 issue of Liberty. It was a corking good article, but if the ex-Crown Prince expects red-blooded, sane Americans to swallow all of the flagrant falsehoods contained in his writings, he is sadly mistaken.

His remark that Germany did not intend to gain an inch of ground when she entered the war is a lie and any sane person knows it. His remarks about our great war President were anything but diplomatic. He certainly has failed to soothe my feelings about the war and about Germany's guilt in the war.

I consulted several Kansas University history professors here about the article, and they heartily denounced the ex-Crown Prince also.

It is insulting to the intelligence of the American people to even try to make them swallow such rot as this.—*A Red-Bearded American.*

Hark! An Old Saber Clanks Ghostly in the Corridors of Time

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Just read the first installment of the series by former Crown Prince Wilhelm. All lovers of truth and fair play will praise you for publishing this most interesting and true narrative of the life of one of the best Germans that country ever produced.

A gentleman and fine human in every respect, he is to be admired for untiringly working for the welfare of his country, despite his having received perhaps one of the rottenest treatments from it that any man ever got undeserving from his own people. Liberty has done truth and understanding between the two finest nations on earth a fine service by publishing these articles.—*A. H. W.*

In the Next War, Bob, We're Going to Have Announcers at the Front

MANHATTAN BEACH, CALIF.—Alan Winslow's No Parachutes gave me quite a kick. I was a patient in a field hospital in Toul, France, and saw Mr. Winslow bring down the German plane that he mentions in his first installment. I had always thought it was Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, knowing he was stationed at Toul. I'm glad to know the truth about it. I was a private in Seventh Field



Bob Lee

Artillery, First Division.—*Bob Lee.*

Bitter Frank Tells It to the Marines

BOSTON, MASS.—It was with real surprise that I read in Vox Pop Leatherneck's request for more sailor humor.

Is the Navy falling down in the job or are the Marines trying to prove that they still can take it?

Do you mind asking Leatherneck if he ever heard the expression, "An empty motor launch came alongside, and out stepped two Marine corporals"? I'm sure the seagoing bellhop will appreciate the humor—if he can find some sailor who will explain it to him.—*Frank G. Liguori.*

If Your Husband Walks Out on You, Louise, the Editor Offers You His Heart and Hand

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Look here, you big stiff of an editor, your darn' magazine is so good that it spoils me entirely. I used to be a very good housewife; but since my husband now buys Liberty each week, there is no time for cooking or washing dishes until I have read it from cover to cover. And my poor hus-



band is eating his meals in the pantry while keeping one eye on Liberty, the other on the food. The dishes are piled up in the sink, but I don't worry about such little things. Liberty comes first!—*Louise R.—l.*



We Would Never Trust a Boss Who Slaps Children, Lorraine; Watch Your Step

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am employed as secretary to one of these big capable men who can run the universe but is not able to sign his name without having someone hand him the pen and stand by with the blotter. The only way I can get



a few minutes to myself is by canny plotting.

I slip a copy of Liberty unostentatiously on the corner of Boss's desk, carelessly opened to *Reading time*:—minutes—seconds, according to personal needs. 4 min. 5 sec. permits my withdrawing to an inner office for a short smoke; 9 min. 15 sec., and I can slip into the office of a fellow victim to arrange a luncheon date; 13 min. 2 sec.—But you can see the idea.

The only page I have to avoid is Bright Sayings of Children, as this leaves him cold. He has three youngsters of his own who are slapped every day of their lives for saying brighter things than Liberty pays money for.—Lorraine.

Found—The Man Who Paid an Income Tax

VINELAND, N. J.—I have been a constant reader of your splendid magazine for over eight years, and have enjoyed the comments of the Vox-Poppers. Never thought I would take the time and bother of having any word to say in this way. But the article by Jay Franklin in your March 18 issue relative to the way to make out your income tax was great.



Theodore Franks

I have figured that, paying five cents per week or \$2.60 per year for the past eight years, the cost has been \$20.80 for Liberty.

In taking your advice in the Franklin article I have saved about \$106. So thank you for the free Liberty for the past eight years and the difference of \$85.20.—Theodore Franks.

With a Stein on the Table and an Old Dry Wringing Wet

BALBOA, CANAL ZONE.—I have been reading your Vox Pop letters for years and have been enjoying them very much. In Liberty of March 11 "An Old Dry" rendered his appreciation of an article in one of your late issues pertaining to prohibition.

He faithfully believes himself to be a staunch dry. But on the contrary he is all wet. The Eighteenth Amendment was a total failure, as we all should know.

"An Old Dry" must be a woman to back up such a failure as the Eighteenth Amendment, because the women were the main vote while our boys were in France fighting. If "An Old Dry" is a man, he must have lace on his pants. As for fighting the wets to the last ditch, they will have to get a ditch first.—C. W. H.

One Hundred Gallons to the Acre: Steve, You Aren't Doin' Nothin' Wrong in That Thar Lone Star State?

MCKINNEY, TEX.—In reply to Mr. James L. Moffatt of St. Paul, Minnesota, in Vox Pop of March 4, I am not a farmer but I am a middleman. He spoke of the Iowa corn, and I am telling you the corn we raise in the Lone Star State will put Iowa to shame. I mean we can get one hundred gallons to the acre.

We have gone to California, but we came back.—Steve Blackman, Jr.

We Will, Frederic, as Long as Printer's Ink Holds Out

GREYSTONE PARK, N. J.—The March 11 issue of your publication is in my possession, and Jay Franklin's article on America Gets Its Back Up at Last is one of the best articles of its kind that I have ever read. I agree with every line of his article and hope every pessimist in America has the opportunity to read it.

Were it possible, I would gladly pay for ten copies of that article, as well as Bernarr Macfadden's editorial We Accept the Challenge. Go on and give your readers some more truth.—Frederic C. Clerihew.

Missouri Doffs Its Plumes and Puts Its Mules to Pasture—If That's Where Mules Go

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—If you publishers want to be useful as well as entertaining you can help us poor taxpayers make it clear to the world in general that we're not settin' 'em up to this new war that's brewing in the Far East.

We're good enough fellows, but this "have a war on us" business is getting old—and so am I, drat it all!—B. B.

You Better Lay Low or President Roosevelt's Scouts Will Be Pulling You into the Cabinet

GRAHAM, TEX.—While our great lawmakers are telling each other funny stories, or else squabbling about how much salary their wives and children should receive from the government, the American people are suffering. The simple solution of currency deflation, which resulted from the fear of potential investors of such basic commodities as land, real-estate, and raw-product values, ought to be so obvious as to embarrass our governmental heads.

Currency inflation would:

1. Cause a rise in prices from the buying of potential investors, who will be driven to it by the instability of the currency.
2. Would help the producer, real-estate and land owner (incidentally the little man) and enable him to pay off debts which otherwise it would be impossible for him to pay, and restore credit confidence.—George Corse.



George Corse

We Don't Know the Answers Either, But We Print the Questions Just to Show How Smart We Are

PIPESTONE, MINN.—I do wish you'd make your Twenty Questions a little easier.

I want to get my whole nickel's worth in these hard times.—X. Y. Z.

He's a Little Fat Man, Wince, With Sore Eyes and a Prison Record, Who Eats Human Ears for Breakfast, and Lisps

NEW YORK CITY.—Who is the fiend who shoots rejection slips back at hopeful writers? Some humane society ought to get after him. Tell him to



beware! Some day we who have been continually spurned will learn his identity and, marching upon him in a body, will smother him in our combined refusal slips!—Wince.

SHELVADOR
PATENT NO. 1,098,922

You can see its convenience at a glance!

LOOK

Net contents 3½ cu. ft., Shelf area 8 sq. ft., with SHELVADOR...\$95
Net contents 4½ cu. ft., Shelf area 10.6 sq. ft., with SHELVADOR..... \$105
Net contents 6 cu. ft., Shelf area 11.5 sq. ft., with SHELVADOR...\$130
Western Prices Slightly Higher

The greatest improvement in refrigerator cabinet design since the invention of the ice box. Just open the door... and THERE it is! An exclusive patented feature of the Crosley—the finest electric refrigerator possible to buy, and at the new low prices.

Prices include freight, delivery, installation and one year's free service. Send for descriptive circular.

The CROSLY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO

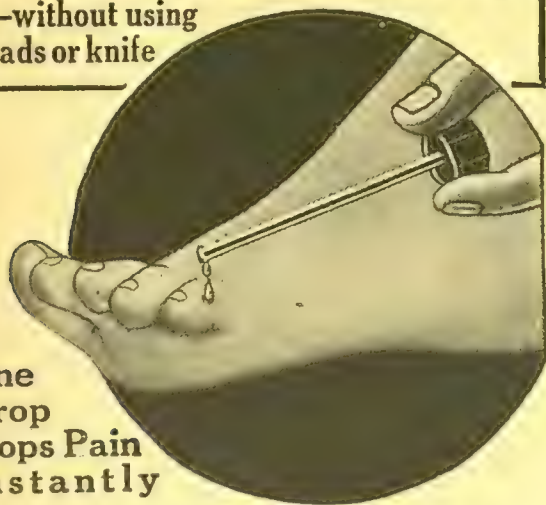
New CROSLY
Electric REFRIGERATOR
WITH SHELVADOR

Your Advertising Dollar

reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in any other major magazine.

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS

—without using pads or knife



One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE

\$250 in CASH PRIZES

For Naming This Week's Cover!

If You Need Extra Funds Try for One of These Sixty-four Cash Awards

Your Chance to Win Is Excellent!



Can You Supply the Best Name for This Picture?

HERE is easy money for sixty-four Liberty readers! Perhaps you are one of them. We will not know until the judges have decided which are the sixty-four best titles submitted for the picture illustrating this week's front cover. If you submit an entry your chance to be among the prize-winning group is excellent.

If you can find use for \$50 in addition to your regular income, or if \$25 in cash from an unexpected source would be welcome at this season, then by all means file your claim to some of this week's prize money. Even if your entry does not quite fall into the major prize class it may easily win one of the ten \$5 prizes or one of the fifty prizes of \$2 each. The first move is up to you! Here is the opportunity. The prize money is ready. Will you file your claim?

TITLE CONTEST CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE	
First Prize	\$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, \$5 Each . . .	50
Fifty Prizes, \$2 Each . .	100
Total Prize Money . . .	\$250

The cover illustration is reproduced on this page for your convenience. Study it and then decide on your caption or title. If you can think of several, there is undoubtedly one among them which you think is better than the others. Select it and write it down. Make sure that it complies with the limitations set forth in the rules. Note the brief statement required in the second rule.

Your entry will not be complete without this.

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be of not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first

prize of \$50. For second best, \$25; for third best, \$15; for fourth best, \$10; for the next ten, \$5 each; and for the next fifty \$2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

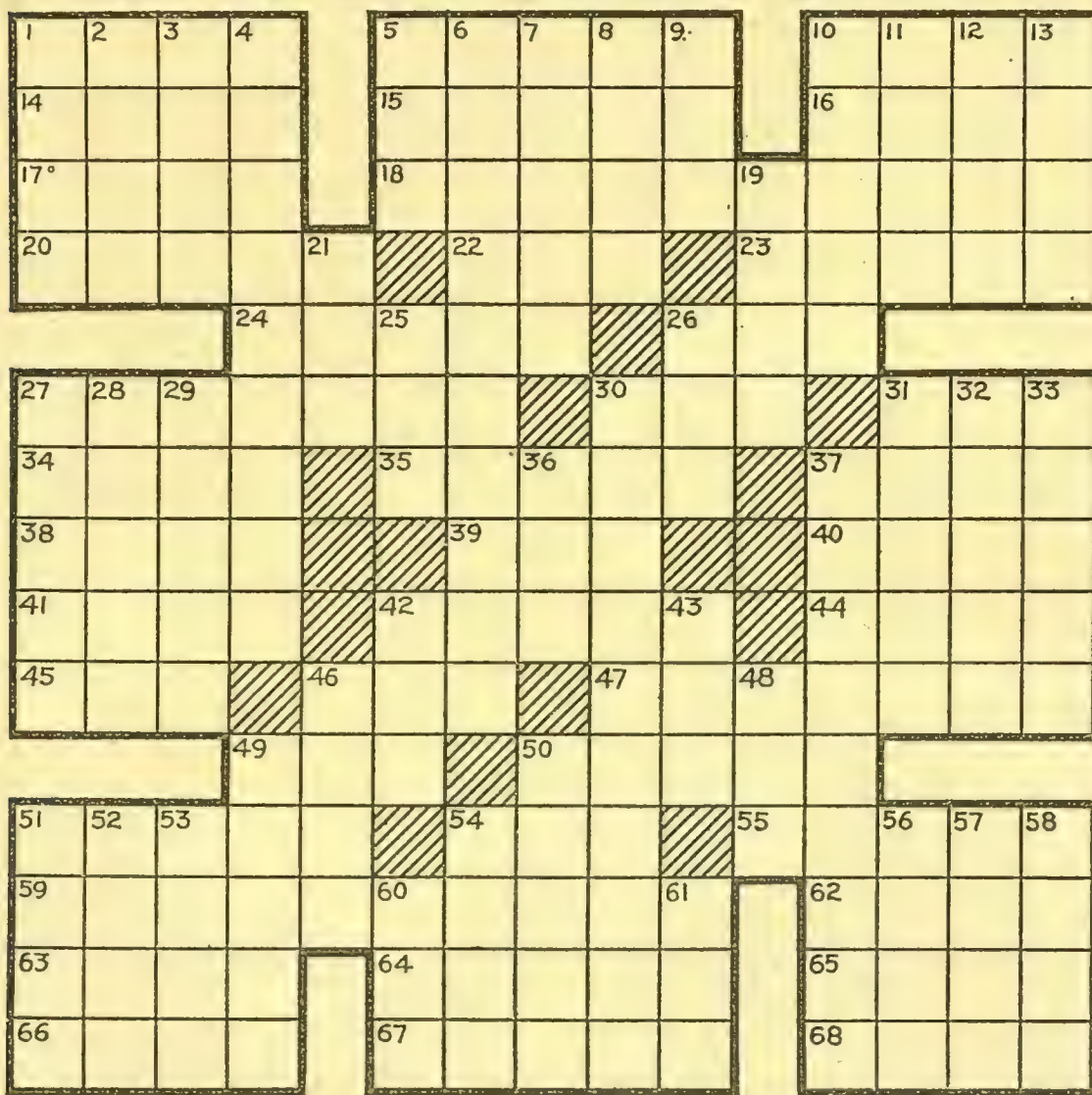
Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest closes Monday, May 1.

FOR MARCH 11 DINKY PRIZE WINNERS TURN TO PAGE 49

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Branches of learning
- 5 Anybody (Scotch)
- 10 One of two bones in the forearm
- 14 Unusual
- 15 Character mentioned in II Esdras 14:24 (Apocrypha)
- 16 Cleansing agent
- 17 A country in Asia
- 18 Steamers
- 20 Masculine personal name
- 22 Sailor
- 23 Time, as expressed by forms of a verb
- 24 Ratifies, as a deed
- 26 Distant
- 27 Framework made of crossed strips
- 30 Gear-wheel tooth
- 31 Rotating piece in machinery
- 34 Genus of South African trees
- 35 A lighted coal
- 37 Responsibility
- 38 Tiara (poetic)
- 39 Attention
- 40 Afresh
- 41 Terminals
- 42 Penetrate
- 44 Skin of a calf's head
- 45 King (Spanish)
- 46 Pen or coop for small domestic animals
- 47 Planned or formed after a pattern
- 49 Aëriiform fluid
- 50 Characteristic of a particular place
- 51 Scotch cloak
- 54 A son of Jacob

SPUD	STRAW	ALPS
TONE	CAUSE	SOAP
ARTS	OLEAN	SOLE
REOPENED	LIKED	
ORES	EROS	
TRAINS	BLEATING	
RAILS	BEDIM	DUN
AWLS	MALES	SERA
DEE	SENR	BLAST
ERDSHREW	CLOSES	
PIES	GRAB	
COLON	CRIBBAGE	
ODOR	PURIM	ELON
LIST	EROSE	READ
ANTS	SEPTA	SETS

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 55 Harsh noise of a trumpet
- 59 A throat disease
- 62 Silkworm
- 63 Incite
- 64 American Indians
- 65 A surgeon's probe
- 66 Chops; hacks
- 67 Thick-headed or stupid
- 68 Droops

VERTICAL

- 1 Bottom end of a wooden pulley block
- 2 A fence
- 3 To measure with a trammel
- 4 Period of six months (plural)
- 5 A domestic animal
- 6 Parapet of a fortified building
- 7 Genus consisting of certain antelopes
- 8 Expensive
- 9 Edible tuberous root
- 10 Attendant at the door of a court
- 11 Region of the body
- 12 Sleeps
- 13 Projecting part of a building
- 19 Adult male of the red deer
- 21 Gold coin of Brazil
- 25 Playing card
- 26 Because
- 27 At a time to come
- 28 Form in ranks
- 29 Truckler
- 30 Ritual observances
- 31 A waterway
- 32 Rugged crest of a mountain range
- 33 Cried, as a cat
- 36 Flying mammal
- 37 Swelling on a horse's hock (plural)
- 42 Greek goddess corresponding to the Roman Aurora
- 43 Fabulous bird
- 46 Mohammedan magistrate
- 48 Any flatfish
- 49 The pith of a matter (plural)
- 50 Ancient language
- 51 Chief god of Memphis (Egyptian religion)
- 52 A division of the lung
- 53 Over again
- 54 Dreadful
- 56 District
- 57 An arena for competition or display
- 58 Corrodes
- 60 Induced
- 61 Twenty-two and one-half degrees east of south

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

BRIGHT EYES LIKE THOSE IN MOVIES

Can Be Yours If You Do
As Film Directors Advise



KAY FRANCIS
— a Warner star,
soon to appear in
"The Keyhole"

Here's a quick, safe way to gain clear, sparkling eyes like those you admire on the screen. Just apply *Murine* daily as advised by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep it constantly in the studios for use by Kay Francis, Bebe Daniels, Joan Blondell, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula, *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna), which act remarkably to brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



Ingrown Nail

Turns Outward
— NO PAIN

A few drops of Outgro in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell Outgro in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

Let Us Help You GET A JOB!

There is work—with good earnings—still available for those who know how to get it. Let us put you in touch with prospective employers and aid you in securing a good position. Just send your name, address and 3¢ stamp NOW for information absolutely without obligation.

BUSINESS BUREAU
P. O. Box 1193, Dept. A
Chicago, Ill.

WOMAN *in the* Dark

(Reading time:
24 minutes 55 seconds.)

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

IT was nearly nine o'clock by the dial in the dashboard, and quite dark, when Luise Fischer and her captors passed a large square building whose illuminated sign said "Mile Valley Lumber Co." and turned into what was definitely a town street, though its irregularly spaced houses were not many. Ten minutes later the sedan came to rest at the curb in front of a gray public building. The driver got out. The other man held the door open for Luise. They took her into a ground-floor room in the gray building.

Three men were in the room. A sad-faced man of sixty-some years, with ragged white hair and mustache, was tilted back in a chair with his feet on a battered yellowish desk. He wore a hat but no coat. A pasty-faced young blond man, straddling a chair in front of the filing cabinet on the other side of the room, was saying, "So the traveling salesman asked the farmer if he could put him up for the night and—" but broke off when Luise Fischer and her companions came in.

The third man stood with his back to the window. He was a slim man of medium height, not far past thirty, thin-lipped, pale, flashily dressed in brown and red. His collar was very tight. He advanced swiftly toward Luise Fischer, showing white teeth in a smile. "I'm Harry Klaus. They wouldn't let me see you down there, so I came on up to wait for you." He spoke rapidly and with assurance. "Don't worry. I've got everything fixed."

The story-teller hesitated, changed his position. The two men who had brought Luise Fischer up from the city looked at the lawyer with obvious disapproval.

Klaus smiled again with complete assurance. "You know she's not going to tell you anything at all till we've talked it over, don't you? Well, what the hell, then?"

The man at the desk said: "All right, all right." He looked at the two men standing behind the woman. "If Tuft's office is empty let 'em use that."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Thanks." Harry Klaus picked up a brown briefcase from a chair, took Luise Fischer's elbow in his hand, and turned her to follow the thick-chested florid man.

He led them down the corridor a few feet to an office that was similar to the one they had just left. He did not go in with them. He said, "Come on back when you're finished," and, when they had gone in, slammed the door.

Klaus jerked his head at the door. "A lot of whittlers," he said cheerfully. "We'll stand them on their heads." He tossed his briefcase on the desk. "Sit down."

"Brazil?" she asked. "He is—"

His shrug lifted his shoulders almost to his ears. "I don't know. Can't get anything out of these people."

"Then—?"

"Then he got away," he said.

"Do you think he did?"



Klaus Learns a Lesson— Robson's Ultimatum—News of Brazil—The Show-Down

By
**DASHIELL
HAMMETT**

Illustrations by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

questions. But we've got to decide what kind of answers you're going to give them." He looked sharply at her from under his hat brim. "You want to help Brazil, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That's the stuff." He patted her knee again and his hand remained on it. "Now give me everything from the beginning."

"You mean from when I first met Kane Robson?" He nodded.

SHE crossed her knees, dislodging his hand. Staring at the opposite wall as if not seeing it, she said earnestly: "Neither of us did anything wrong. It is not right that we should suffer."

"Don't worry." His tone was light, confident. "I'll get the pair of you out of it." He proffered her cigarettes in a shiny case.

She took a cigarette, leaned forward to hold its end in the flame from his lighter, and, still leaning forward, asked: "I will not have to stay here tonight?"

He patted her cheek. "I don't think so. It oughtn't to take them more than an hour to grill you." He dropped his hand to her knee. "And the sooner we get through here the sooner you'll be through with them."

She took a deep breath and sat back in her chair. "There is not a lot to say," she began, pronouncing her words carefully so they were clear in spite of her accent. "I met him in a little place in Switzerland. I was without any money at all, any friends. He liked me and he was rich." She made a little gesture with the cigarette in her hand. "So I said yes."

Klaus nodded sympathetically and his fingers moved on her knee.

"He bought me clothes, that jewelry, in Paris. They were not his mother's and he gave them to me."

The lawyer nodded again and his fingers moved again on her knee.

"He brought me over here then and"—she put the burning end of her cigarette on the back of his hand—"I stayed at his—"

Klaus had snatched his hand from her knee to his mouth, was sucking the back of his hand. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded indignantly, the words muffled by the hand to his mouth. He lowered the hand and looked at the burn. "If there's something you don't like, you can say so, can't you?"

She did not smile. "I no speak Inglis good," she said, burlesquing a heavy accent. "I stayed at his house for two weeks—not quite two weeks—until—"

"If it wasn't for Brazil you could take your troubles to another lawyer!" He pouted over his burnt hand.

"Until last night," she continued, "when I could stand him no longer. We quarreled and I left. I left just as I was, in evening clothes, with . . ."

The tallest one looked at Robson and then at Brazil and chuckled. "There's our lad that don't like hospitals," he said.

He shrugged his shoulders again. "We can always hope."

"But one of those policemen told me he had been shot and—"

"That don't have to mean anything but that they hope they hit him." He put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her down in a chair. "There's no use of worrying about Brazil till we know whether we've got anything to worry about." He drew another chair up close to hers and sat in it. "Let's worry about you now. I want the works—no song and dance—just what happened, the way it happened."

She drew her brows together in a puzzled frown. "But you told me everything—"

"I told you everything was all fixed, and it is." He patted her knee. "I've got the bail all fixed so you can walk out of here as soon as they get through asking you

She was finishing her story when the telephone bell rang. The attorney went to the desk and spoke into the telephone: "Hello? . . . Yes. . . . Just a couple of minutes more. . . . That's right. Thanks." He turned. "They're getting impatient."

She rose from her chair saying: "I have finished. Then the police came and he escaped through the window and they arrested me about those rings."

"Did you do any talking after they arrested you?"

She shook her head. "They would not let me. Nobody would listen to me. Nobody cared."

A young man in blue clothes that needed pressing came up to Luise Fischer and Klaus as they left the courthouse. He took off his hat and tucked it under an arm. "Mith Fith, I'm from the Mile Valley Potht. Can you—"

Klaus, smiling, said: "There's nothing now. Look me up at the hotel in the morning and I'll give you a statement." He handed the reporter a card. He cleared his throat. "We're hunting food now. Maybe you'll tell us where to find it—and join us."

The young man's face flushed. He looked at the card in his hand and then up at the lawyer. "Thank you, Mithter Klauth, I'll be glad to. The Tavern'th jutht around the corner. It'th the only plathe that'th any good that'th open now."

He turned to indicate the south. "My name'th George Dunne."

Klaus shook his hand and said, "Glad to know you," Luise Fischer nodded and smiled, and they went down the street.

"How's Conroy?" Klaus asked.

"He hathn't come to yet," the young man replied.

"They don't know yet how bad it ith."

"Where is he?"

"Th'till at Robthn'th. They're afraid to move him."

They turned the corner. Klaus asked: "Any news of Brazil?"

The reporter craned his neck to look past Luise Fischer at the lawyer. "I thought you'd know."

"Know what?"

"What—whatever there wath to know. Thith ith it."

HE led them into a white-tiled restaurant. By the time they were seated at a table the dozen or more people at counter and tables were staring at Luise Fischer and there was a good deal of whispering among them.

Luise Fischer, sitting in the chair Dunne had pulled out for her, taking one of the menus from the rack on the table, seemed neither disturbed by nor conscious of anyone's interest in her. She said: "I am very hungry."

A plump bald-headed man with a pointed white beard, sitting three tables away, caught Dunne's eye as the young man went around to his chair, and beckoned with a jerk of his head.

Dunne said, "Pardon me—it'th my both," and went over to the bearded man's table.

Klaus said: "He's a nice boy."

Luise Fischer said: "We must telephone the Links. They have surely heard from Brazil."

Klaus pulled the ends of his mouth down, shook his head. "You can't trust these county-seat telephone exchanges."

"But—"

"Have to wait till tomorrow. It's late anyhow." He looked at his watch and yawned. "Play this kid. Maybe he knows something."

Dunne came back to them. His face was flushed and he seemed embarrassed.

"Anything new?" Klaus asked.

The young man shook his head violently. "Oh, no!" he said with emphasis.

A waiter came to their table. Luise Fischer ordered soup, a steak, potatoes, asparagus, a salad, cheese, and coffee. Klaus ordered scrambled eggs and coffee, Dunne pie and milk.

When the waiter stepped back from the table Dunne's eyes opened wide. He stared past Klaus. Luise Fischer turned her head to follow the reporter's gaze. Kane Robson was coming into the restaurant. Two men were with him. One of them—a fat pale youngish man—smiled and raised his hat.

Luise Fischer addressed Klaus in a low voice: "It's Robson."

The lawyer did not turn his head. He said, "That's all right," and held his cigarette case out to her.

She took a cigarette without removing her gaze from Robson. When he saw her he raised his hat and bowed and smiled ironically. Then he said something to his companions and, leaving them, came toward her. His face was pale; his dark eyes glittered.

She was smoking by the time he reached her table. He said, "Hello, darling," and sat in the empty chair facing her across the table. He turned his head to the reporter for an instant to say a careless "Hello, Dunne."

Luise Fischer said: "This is Mr. Klaus. Mr. Robson."

Robson did not look at the lawyer. He addressed the woman: "Get your bail fixed up all right?"

"As you see."

He smiled mockingly. "I meant to leave word that I'd put it up if you couldn't get it anywhere else, but I forgot."

THERE was a moment of silence. Then she said: "I shall send for my clothes in the morning. Will you have Ito pack them?"

"Your clothes?" He laughed. "You didn't have a stitch besides what you had on when I picked you up. Let your new man buy you new clothes."

Young Dunne blushed and looked at the tablecloth in embarrassment. Klaus's face was, except for the brightness of his eyes, expressionless.

Luise Fischer said softly: "Your friends will miss you if you stay away too long."

"Let them. I want to talk to you, Luise." He addressed Dunne impatiently: "Why don't you two go play in a corner somewhere?"

The reporter jumped up from his chair stammering: "Th-thertainly, Mr. Robthn."

Klaus looked questioningly at Luise Fischer. Her nod was barely perceptible. He rose and left the table with Dunne.

Robson said: "Come back with me and I'll call off all this foolishness about the rings."

She looked curiously at him. "You want me back knowing I despise you?"

He nodded, grinning. "I can get fun out of even that."

She narrowed her eyes, studying his face. Then she asked: "How is Dick?"

His face and voice were gay with malice. "He's dying fast enough."

She seemed surprised. "You hate him?"

"I don't hate him—I don't love him. You and he were too fond of each other. I won't have my male and female parasites mixing like that."

She smiled contemptuously. "So. Then suppose I go back with you. What?"

"I explain to these people that it was all a mistake about the rings, that you really thought I had given them to you. That's all." He was watching her closely. "There's no bargaining about your boy friend Brazil. He takes what he gets."

Her face showed nothing of what she might be thinking. She leaned across the table a little toward him and spoke carefully: "If you were as dangerous as you think you are, I would be afraid to go back with you—I would rather go to prison. But I am not afraid of you. You should know by this time that you will never hurt me very much, that I can take very good care of myself."

"Maybe you've got something to learn," he said quickly; then, recovering his consciously matter-of-fact tone: "Well, what's the answer?"

"I am not a fool," she said. "I have no money, no friends who can help me. You have both and I am not afraid of you. I try to do what is best for myself. First I try to get out of this trouble without you. If I cannot then I come back to you."

"If I'll have you."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Yes, certainly that."

Luise Fischer and Harry Klaus reached the Links' flat late the next morning.

Fan opened the door for them. She put her arms



"What's the matter with you?" he demanded indignantly, the words muffled by the hand to his mouth.



around Luise Fischer. "See, I told you Harry would get you out all right." She turned her face quickly toward the lawyer and demanded: "You didn't let them hold her all night?"

"No," he said; "but we missed the last train and had to stay at the hotel."

They went into the living room.

Evelyn Grant rose from the sofa. She came to Luise Fischer saying: "It's my fault. It's all my fault!" Her eyes were red and swollen. She began to cry again. "He had told me about Donny—Mr. Link—and I thought he'd come here and I tried to phone him and papa caught me and told the police. And I only wanted to help him and—"

From the doorway Donny snarled: "Shut up. Stop it. Pipe down." He addressed Klaus petulantly: "She's been doing this for an hour. She's got me screwy."

Fan said: "Lay off the kid. She feels bad."

Donny said: "She ought to." He smiled at Luise Fischer. "Hello, baby. Everything O. K.?"

She said: "How do you do? I think it is."

He looked at her hands. "Where's the rings?"

"We had to leave them up there."

"I told you!" His voice was bitter. "I told you you'd ought to let me sold them." He turned to Klaus. "Can you beat that?"

The lawyer did not say anything.

Fan had taken Evelyn to the sofa and was soothing her.

Luise Fischer asked: "Have you heard from—"

"Brazil?" Donny said before she could finish her question. He nodded. "Yep. He's O. K." He glanced over his shoulder at the girl on the sofa, then spoke rapidly in a low voice. "He's at the Hilltop Sanatorium outside of town—supposed to have D. T.s. You know he got plugged in the side. He's O. K., though—Doc Barry'll keep him under cover and fix him up good as new. He—"

Luise Fischer's eyes were growing large. She put a hand to her throat. "But he—Dr. Ralph Barry?" she demanded.

Donny wagged his head up and down. "Yep. He's a good guy. He'll—"

"But he is a friend of Kane Robson's!" she cried. "I met him there at Robson's house." She turned to Klaus. "He was with him in the restaurant last night—the fat one."

The men stared at her.

She caught Klaus's arm and shook him. "That is why he was there last night—to see Kane—to ask him what he should do."

Fan and Evelyn had risen from the sofa and were listening.

Donny began: "Aw, maybe it's O. K. Doc's a good guy. I don't think he—"

"Cut it out!" Klaus growled. "This is serious—serious as hell." He scowled thoughtfully at Luise Fischer. "No chance of a mistake on this?"

"No."

Evelyn thrust herself between the two men to confront Luise Fischer. She was crying again, but was angry now.

"**W**HY did you have to get him into all this? Why did you have to come to him with your troubles? It's your fault that they'll put him in prison—and he'll go crazy in prison! If it hadn't been for you none of this would have happened. You—"

Donny touched Evelyn's shoulder. "I think I'll take a sock at you," he said.

She cringed away from him.

Klaus said: "For God's sake let's stop this fiddledeedee and decide what we'd better do." He scowled at Luise Fischer again. "Didn't Robson say anything to you about it last night?"

She shook her head.

Donny said: "Well, listen. We got to get him out of there. It don't—"

"That's easy," Klaus said with heavy sarcasm. "If he's in wrong there"—he shrugged—"it's happened already. We've got to find out. Can you get to see him?"

Donny nodded. "Sure."

"Then go. Wise him up—find out what the layout is."

Donny and Luise Fischer left the house by the back door, went through the yard to the alley behind, and

down the alley for two blocks. They saw nobody following them.

"I guess we're in the clear," Donny said, and led the way down a cross street.

On the next corner there was a garage and repair shop. A small dark man was tinkering with an engine.

"Hello, Tony," Donny said. "Lend me a boat."

The dark man looked curiously at Luise Fischer while saying: "Surest thing you know. Take the one in the corner."

They got into a black sedan and drove away.

"It ain't far," Donny said. Then: "I'd like to pull him out of there."

Luise Fischer was silent.

After half an hour Donny turned the machine into a road at the end of which a white building was visible. "That's her," he said.

LEAVING the sedan in front of the building, they walked under a black-and-gold sign that said Hilltop Sanatorium into an office.

"We want to see Mr. Lee," Donny told the nurse at the desk. "He's expecting us."

She moistened her lips nervously and said: "It's two hundred and three, right near the head of the stairs."

They went up a dark flight of stairs to the second floor. "This is it," Donny said, halting. He opened the door without knocking and waved Luise Fischer inside.

Besides Brazil, lying in bed, his sallowness more pronounced than usual, there were two men in the room. One of them was the huge tired-faced man who had arrested Luise Fischer. He said: "I oughtn't to let you people see him."

Brazil half rose in bed and stretched a hand out toward Luise Fischer.

She went around the huge man to the bed and took Brazil's hand. "Oh, I'm sorry—sorry!" she murmured.

He grinned without pleasure. "Hard luck, all right. And I'm scared stiff of those damned bars."

She leaned over and kissed him.

The huge man said: "Come on, now. You got to get out. I'm liable to catch hell for this."

Donny took a step toward the bed. "Listen, Brazil. Is there—"

The huge man put out a hand and wearily pushed Donny back. "Go 'way. There's nothing for you to hang around here for." He put a hand on Luise Fischer's shoulder. "Go ahead, please, will you? Say good-by to him now—and maybe you can see him afterwards."

She kissed Brazil again and stood up.

He said: "Look after her, will you, Donny?"

"Sure," Donny promised. "And don't let them worry you. I'll send Harry over to see you and—"

The huge man groaned. "Is this going to keep up all day?"

He took Luise Fischer's arm and put her and Donny out.

They went in silence down to the sedan, and neither spoke until they were entering the city again. Then Luise Fischer said: "Will you kindly lend me ten dollars?"

"Sure." Donny took one hand from the wheel, felt in his pants pocket, and gave her two five-dollar bills.

Then she said: "I wish to go to the railroad station."

He frowned. "What for?"

"I want to go to the railroad station," she repeated.

When they reached the station she got out of the sedan.

"Thank you very much," she said. "Do not wait. I will come over later."

Luise Fischer went into the railroad station and to the news stand, where she bought a package of cigarettes. Then she went to a telephone booth, asked for long distance, and called a Mile Valley number.

"Hello, Ito? . . . Is Mr. Robson there? This is *Fräulein* Fischer. . . . Yes." There was a pause.

"Hello, Kane. . . . Well, you have won. You might have saved yourself the delay if you had told me last night what you knew. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I am."

She put the receiver on its prong and stared at it for a long moment. Then she left the booth, went to the ticket window, and said:

"A ticket to Mile Valley—one way—please."

The room was wide and high-ceilinged. Its furniture was Jacobean. Kane Robson was sprawled comfortably in a deep chair. At his elbow was a small table on which were a crystal-and-silver coffee service, a crystal-and-silver decanter—half full—some glasses, cigarettes, and an ash tray. His eyes glittered in the light from the fireplace.

Ten feet away, partly facing him, partly the fireplace, Luise Fischer sat, more erectly, in a smaller chair. She was in a pale negligee and had pale slippers on her feet.

Somewhere in the house a clock struck midnight. Robson heard it out attentively before he went on speaking: "And you are making a great mistake, my dear, in being too sure of yourself."

She yawned. "I slept very little last night," she said. "I am too sleepy to be frightened."

He rose grinning at her. "I didn't get any either. Shall we take a look at the invalid before we turn in?"

A nurse—a scrawny middle-aged woman in white—came into the room, panting. "Mr. Conroy's recovering consciousness, I do believe," she said.

Robson's mouth tightened and his eyes, after a momentary flickering, became steady. "Phone Dr. Blake," he said. "He'll want to know right away." He turned to Luise Fischer. "I'll run up and stay with him till she is through phoning."

Luise Fischer rose. "I'll go with you."

He pursed his lips. "I don't know. Maybe the excitement of too many people—the surprise of seeing you back here again—might not be good for him."

The nurse had left the room.

Ignoring Luise Fischer's laughter, he said: "No; you had better stay here, my dear."

She said: "I will not."

He shrugged. "Very well, but—" He went upstairs without finishing the sentence.

Luise Fischer went up behind him, but not with his speed. She arrived at the sick-room doorway, however, in time to catch the look of utter fear in Conroy's eyes, before they closed, as his bandaged head fell back on the pillow.

Robson, standing just inside the door, said softly: "Ah, he's passed out again." His eyes were unwary.

Her eyes were probing.

They stood there and stared at each other until the Japanese butler came to the door and said: "A Mr. Brazil to see *Fräulein* Fischer."

Into Robson's face little by little came the expression of one considering a private joke. He said: "Show Mr. Brazil into the living room. *Fräulein* Fischer will be down immediately. Phone the deputy sheriff."

Robson smiled at the woman. "Well?"

She said nothing.

"A choice?" he asked.

The nurse came in. "Dr. Blake is out, but I left word." Luise Fischer said: "I do not think Mr. Conroy should be left alone, Miss George."

Brazil was standing in the center of the living room, balancing himself on legs spread far apart. He held his left arm tight to his side, straight down. He had on a dark overcoat that was buttoned high against his throat. His face was a ghastly yellow mask in which his eyes burned redly. He said through his teeth: "They told me you'd come back. I had to see it." He spit on the floor. "Strumpet!"

She stamped a foot. "Do not be a fool. I—" She broke off as the nurse passed the doorway. She said sharply: "Miss George, what are you doing?"

The nurse said: "Mr. Robson said he thought I might be able to reach Dr. Blake on the phone at Mrs. Webber's."

Luise Fischer turned, paused to kick off her slippers, and ran up the steps on stockinged feet. The door to Conroy's room was shut. She flung it open.

ROBSON was leaning over the sick man. His hands were on the sick man's bandaged head, holding it almost face down in the pillow.

His thumbs were pressing the back of the skull. All his weight seemed on his thumbs. His face was insane. His lips were wet.

Luise Fischer screamed, "Brazil!" and flung herself at Robson and clawed at his legs.

Brazil came into the room, lurching blindly, his left arm tight to his side. He swung his right fist, missed Robson's head by a foot, was struck twice in the face by Robson, did not seem to know it, and swung his right fist into Robson's belly. The woman's grip on Robson's ankles kept him from recovering his balance. He went down heavily.

The nurse was busy with her patient, who was trying to sit up in bed. Tears ran down his face. He was sobbing: "He stumbled over a piece of wood while he was helping me to the car, and he hit me on the head with it."

Luise Fischer had Brazil sitting upon the floor with his back to the wall, wiping his face with her handkerchief.

He opened one eye and murmured: "The guy was screwy, wasn't he?"

She put an arm around him and laughed with a cooing sound in her throat. "All men are."

Robson had not moved.

There was a commotion and three men came in.

The tallest one looked at Robson and then at Brazil and chuckled.

"There's our lad that don't like hospitals," he said. "It's a good thing he didn't escape from a gymnasium or he might've hurt somebody."

Luise Fischer took off her rings and put them on the floor beside Robson's left foot.

THE END

DINKY CONTEST MARCH 11 WINNERS

\$50 FIRST PRIZE

MRS. SIDNEY FERNBERG, Cincinnati, Ohio

*Many women
Wearing pants.
Children guessing:
Uncles? Aunts?*

\$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. E. G. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

*Haughty dame
Bumps ladder.
Painter mad;
Dame madder.*

\$25 SECOND PRIZE

J. SOHNLEIN, Astoria, N. Y.

*Benevolent banker
Manipulates stock.
New job
Breaking rock.*

\$10 FOURTH PRIZE

NICHOLAS M. ATELLA, Providence, R. I.

*At petting
She balked.
Back home
She walked.*

TEN \$5 PRIZES

Hyman Baron, Corona, N. Y.; Henry Bruno, Chicago, Ill.; W. M. Carrithers, River Forest, Ill.; M. H. Gravlee, Kennedy, Ala.; Jerald Griffin, Easthampton, Mass.; Charles B. James, Seat-

tle, Wash.; F. A. Spivey, Montgomery, Ala.; J. D. Thorn, Dallas, Tex.; O. M. Trydal, Los Angeles, Calif.; James Arthur Yarbray, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

FIFTY \$2 PRIZES

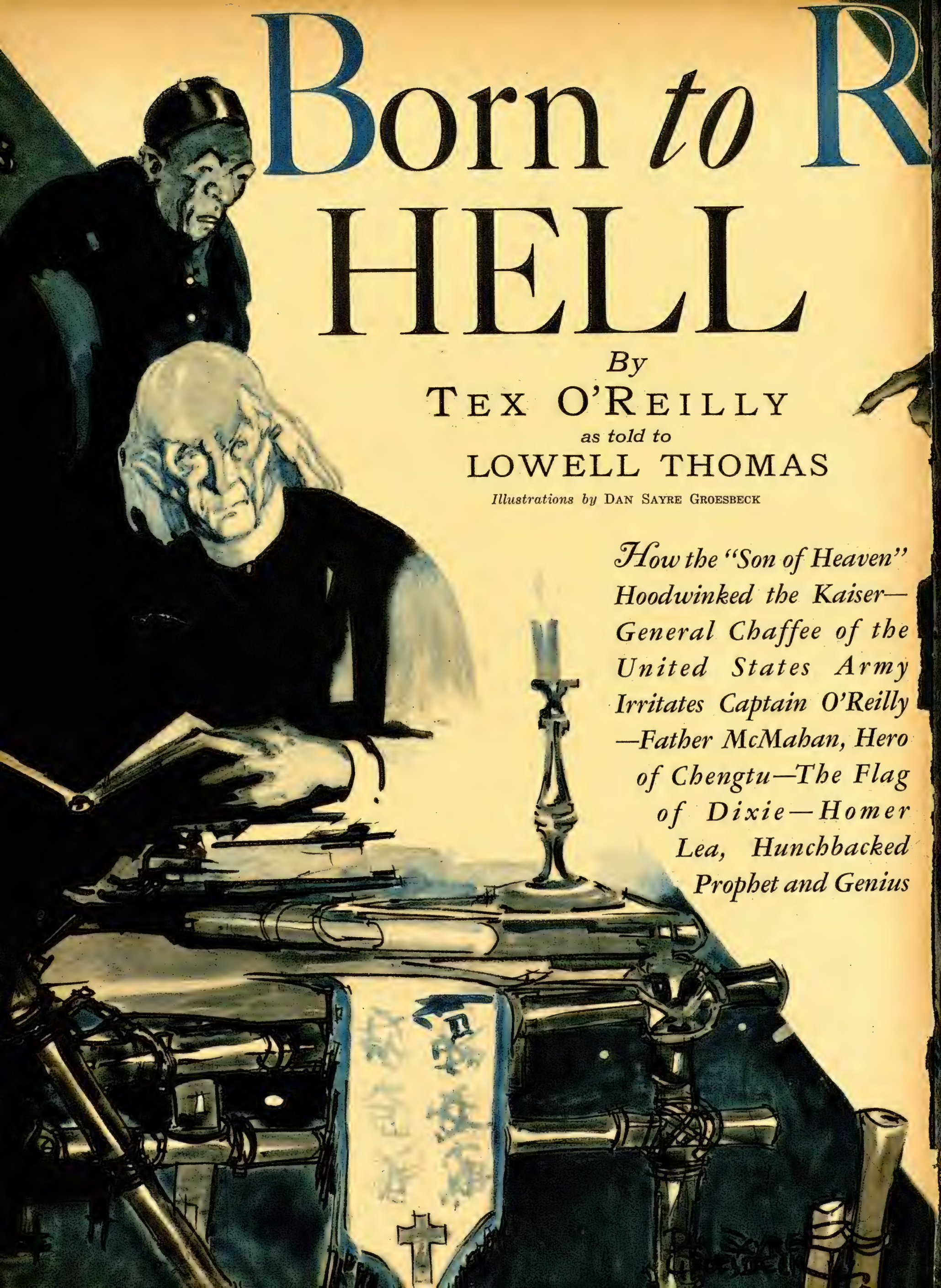
Jack H. Altstead, Windsor, Ont.; W. G. Balmer, San Francisco, Calif.; Lennie E. Blacketer, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lorene Blount, East Highlands, Calif.; Mrs. W. J. Callahan, Chicago, Ill.; Alan R. Carr, Portland, Ore.; Jos. G. Chavlick, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Flossie Cross, Clarkrange, Tenn.; A. F. Cubouch, Utica, N. Y.; F. A. Doak, Winnipeg, Man.; J. W. Drake, Tecumseh, Okla.; Charles Doughten, Webster City, Iowa; Elinor Francisco, New York, N. Y.; Dr. J. D. Freney, Waterbury, Conn.; Helen Geffken, Savannah, Ga.; A. Scott Graham, El Dorado, Ark.

F. E. Gregory, Battle Creek, Mich.; Geraldine Hough, Libby, Mont.; Robert T. Hammond, Greeley, Colo.; Rev. Joseph H. Harvey, Talladega, Ala.; James B. Hilbery, Red Willow, Alta.; Harry E. Hutchinson, Princeton, N. J.; Tevis Irwin, Sarnia, Ont.; Mrs. Harold Jennings, Brunswick, Md.; Dr. E. E. Johnston, Little Rock, Ark.; Frida Kaech, New Glarus, Wis.; Mrs. Mabelle E.

Knight, Los Angeles, Calif.; John Knowles, Montreal, Que.; Elmore G. Lawton, Clemson College, S. C.; D. Hughes LeCompte, St. Michaels, Md.; Mrs. George B. Leyden, Baton Rouge, La.; Gertrude B. Lloyd, Dallas, Tex.

Mrs. C. E. McMillan, Covington, La.; Lloyd H. MacMorran, Los Angeles, Calif.; A. P. Morgan, Ringwood, Okla.; Mrs. Muriel Morris, Winnipeg, Man.; James D. Murray, South Bend, Wash.; James H. Noone, Vineland, N. J.; Peggy O'Neill, Los Angeles, Calif.; Alice Paullin, Mattoon, Ill.; Howard Patterson, Boise, Idaho; G. F. Robeson, Greensboro, N. C.; A. Schmidt, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Marguerite Schmitter, Bronx, N. Y.; Samuel Simms, East Los Angeles, Calif.; John Smith, New York, N. Y.; R. R. Sutter, Toledo, Ohio; Joseph M. True, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Alice Vance, Dallas, Tex.; Philip L. Wahlberg, Houston, Tex.

A detailed illustration in a classic pulp magazine style. It depicts a man in a dark military uniform with a peaked cap, looking down with a serious expression at a desk. On the desk is a large, ornate lamp with a single candle, casting a warm glow. Several papers and documents are scattered on the desk, some with visible text. The background is dark and atmospheric, suggesting an office or study from a past era.

Born *to* R HELL

By
TEX O'REILLY
as told to
LOWELL THOMAS

Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

*How the "Son of Heaven"
Hoodwinked the Kaiser—
General Chaffee of the
United States Army
Irritates Captain O'Reilly
—Father McMahan, Hero
of Chengtu—The Flag
of Dixie—Homer
Lea, Hunchbacked
Prophet and Genius*

aise

(Reading time:
27 minutes 25 seconds.)

WHILE a Philippine Scout, Tex had a taste of soldiering against the Boxers during their rebellion in China. His experience, related in last week's installment, was brief but came near being the end of him. It was featured by the courage of an American doctor who stuck by him under fire and in the face of certain death after a Chinese sniper had shot him through the leg, and by the bravery of four big Russian soldiers who, at the cost of their own lives, held up the pursuing Boxers until the two Americans were in safety.

Later Tex got out of the Scouts and went off on his own hook to see Japan. He joined up for service in the Korean emperor's foreign bodyguard, and took part in its defiance of the great powers. After that he was a bouncer in a Chinese theater, a policeman on the Shanghai Bund, and then drillmaster and generalissimo for the Taotai (governor) of Kiangsu, who was quietly laying a foundation for a modern Chinese army.

Thus it happened that Tex was in command of the bodyguard of the Royal Prince of China when he came through Shanghai en route to Berlin, where he was to kowtow to the Kaiser as part of China's punishment for the murder of von Ketteler by the Boxers. He was a huge surprise to Tex, who knew the fine dignity and courtesy of Chinese aristocrats. Far from resembling them, this gorgeous "Son of Heaven" turned out to be a rowdy. On the morning when all the foreign diplomats were to pay their respects to him, he demanded singsong girls!

PART FOUR—WHEN CHINA WOKE UP

THE mandarins sent down to Foochow Road and rounded up for the prince a dozen or more of the little, small-foot singsong girls. Their feet had been bound when they were babies; they could not walk a step. They were painted and perfumed and jeweled and dressed till they looked exactly like little dolls. They were works of : created

The Chinese beckoned me down a narrow passage between houses, and there in a little hovel was an old white-haired Irish priest.

in human flesh; they did not seem human at all.

All the foreign ministers arrived together, wearing their dress uniforms. They were received and escorted through the gate and into the first reception room with every formality. Then the doors were thrown open for them to go into the presence of the prince, and there in the second reception room the prince was sitting amusing himself in the midst of those singsong girls.

The ministers refused to go in. They were furious, and the British minister, who was dean of the diplomatic corps, sent word to the

prince that such a reception would be an insult in Western eyes and that he would please dismiss the chorus until after the reception.

The prince sent back word that if they did not like his company, he did not care for theirs.

It was a bombshell, the last thing they had expected, and they did not know what to do. They had announced that such a reception would be an insult; if they went in they would be swallowing the insult and admitting it, but none of them dared leave.

They were all on hair triggers with each other and with Peking. England had grabbed Weihaiwei, Japan was moving on Port Arthur, Germany had taken Kiaochow, France had annexed five miles of land outside Shanghai. It was a ticklish situation between all these looters, and between each of them and Peking. No one dared be the first to affront a prince of the royal blood. And they gave in.

All the representatives of the great powers walked into that audience hall and bowed to the prince and his sing-song girls, and remained in that company long enough to pay their formal respects to him. All foreign Shanghai was furious.

Next day the prince went through Shanghai to take the boat, and my little Chinese army escorted him. We marched down Nanking Road to the port, flags flying and bands playing, and the prince riding in his open carriage. He was drunk, and he was surrounded by all the sing-song girls the carriage would hold.

I was only a kid at the time, and I could not understand why Chinese aristocrats, the old taotai and the other mandarins, did not manage to prevent such a disgraceful and disgusting exhibition.

The prince went to Europe. He went to Berlin, and kowtowed to the Kaiser. In public he got down on his knees and three times struck his forehead on the floor at the Kaiser's feet. Then the Kaiser outdid himself in entertaining him with all the honors due to visiting

royalty. Every honor shown to the abased prince added just that much to the triumphant Kaiser's prestige. That was the idea, but at every elaborate official function and court ball the prince was a scandal. He got drunk, threw dishes, insulted the ladies of the court, outraged everybody.

The other nations had to entertain him, because no matter what he did he was the Son of Heaven and they also had interests in China. The present King George of England, then Prince of Wales, went to Southampton to meet him and gave him an official reception, and he insulted everybody. The French government entertained him in Paris, and he broke up the official functions with most disgusting scenes.

Wherever he went he bought everything that took his fancy, including the European women who could be bought, and he flaunted them, as he had the sing-song girls, in the face of all Europe. But all official Europe swallowed his insults and kept on smiling.

THEN he came back to Shanghai, and a strange thing happened. The old taotai sent for me that day and told me that the prince would be brought up the river quietly in the night. I was to meet him with my guard, and my strict orders were to see that he did not speak to anybody, or exchange signals with anyone.

We brought the prince through Shanghai quietly in the night. Next day he was in the taotai's house, but nobody would have known it. That night they brought him out in the dark, and he had no mandarins with him and no eunuchs. He had only two armed guards, and he was sober then. They took him away.

Then the story came out. He was not a prince at all. The Empress Dowager had sent into the slums of Peking and got a young barber. Barbers are the despised class in China, the outcasts, lowest of the low. She had covered this barber with silks and jewels and sent him to Europe, and a barber had kowtowed to the Kaiser, a

He was a funny little duck, dressed in European clothes, with a derby hat too small for him. Night after night Homer Lea had him out and they'd sit talking.



barber had been received by all the courts of Europe, and the Europeans did not know the difference between a barber and a prince.

According to Chinese ideas it was the Europeans who had been disgraced. The Chinese dearly love a joke; all China was roaring with laughter and the Empress came back to Peking in high favor.

When the story reached Shanghai, all the foreign ministers investigated it in a hurry, and they found that it was true. But they could do nothing about it, and the one thing they wanted was to hush it up.

As for the barber, he was never seen again. The Chinese had killed him, of course. They could not let him live—a barber who had been honored as a Son of Heaven. They had taken him from the slums, and given him everything money could buy—and all the honors of a Son of Heaven, all that glitter and pomp. And he had done what no other living man could do: he had publicly insulted all the great powers of Europe and made them swallow his insults and ask for more.

He must have known all the time that he would be killed when it was over. I wonder what he was thinking when they took him away in the dark that night, sober, with his two guards. He was only about twenty-two years old. I wonder if he thought it had been worth it.

BY this time my little army was well drilled and trained, and the old taotai had quietly suggested that I start a military school. He did not put it just that way, but I got the idea. Young Chinese would come in, and I would pick forty of them and drill them three months, then let them go and drill forty more.

Anyone in my place would have seen what it meant, but it seemed simply pathetic to me. There was the whole of China, millions of men, and there was I, a kid lieutenant, training a handful of them every three months. At that rate how long would it take to give China a Western army?

The old taotai had to be careful. He never indicated to me that he had any interest in a revolution, and I don't know that he had. But he kept those young Chinese sifting through his innocent little army and he gave me everything I could ask in military equipment. He gave me, for instance, a machine gun.

Machine guns were rare in those days. I had learned to run them in the Philippines, and I worked out a machine-gun manual and trained those young Chinese in it. Years later the Japanese were still using that manual of mine in their army.

About this time General Chaffee was transferred from the north of China to the Philippines. He stopped for a week or two at the American consulate in Shanghai, and the taotai invited him to an official luncheon.

The Chinese are extremely formal in all they do. Word was sent to the consulate that at a certain hour on a



"Pull out those Spark Plugs AND PUT IN A SET OF CHAMPIONS"

"I'M THROUGH with 'bargain' spark plugs. Put in a set of those new extra range Champions, and make it snappy. Why, since buying those 'gyp' plugs my car has lost power—won't pick up—bucks like a steer, and is hard to start—they would have been expensive if they gave 'em to me. Bet I've lost in gas alone more than this set of new Champions will cost • I know I'll save with Champions — I've used them for years and know what I'm getting when I buy them —dependable ignition that's what!

• I've learned my lesson once and for all. From now on I'll know who is behind the equipment I buy" •
Champion Spark Plug Company,
Toledo, Ohio; Windsor, Ontario.



CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE
SPARK PLUGS

This patented shape means
Champion EXTRA RANGE
performance. Look for it

certain day an officer of the taotai's staff would call on General Chaffee to present an invitation to luncheon. I was the officer.

The invitation was beautifully painted in Chinese characters on silk, rolled on an ivory staff, wrapped in silk, and tied with gold cord. I put on my dress uniform and with my orderly carrying this scroll I went to the consulate at the appointed hour. I was ushered into a small reception room and asked to wait while my arrival was announced to General Chaffee.

I waited about twenty minutes and I began to think I had waited long enough. It was not courteous to the governor to keep his representative waiting like a messenger boy. The longer I waited, the madder I got. I sat there nearly three quarters of an hour, and then they told me General Chaffee would receive me.

I walked in. General Chaffee and his staff were standing facing the door, and when they saw me they laughed. I was furious. General Chaffee said:

"Are you the officer from the staff of the Governor of Kiangsu?"

I said yes, Captain O'Reilly of the governor's staff.

They all burst out laughing. I thought General Chaffee would have a fit. I did not see anything funny about it. He pulled his face straight and said:

"Captain O'Reilly, I'm sorry we kept you waiting, but none of us speak Chinese and at the last minute we found we were not prepared to receive an officer of the Chinese army. We've been rushing around here madly, trying to find a Chinese interpreter. Here he is."

"But," General Chaffee said, "I see we have no need of his services. However, we have just the man to interpret your language. Captain O'Reilly, meet Lieutenant O'Hennessey." And then we all laughed.

The Empress Dowager was in control again, appointing her own officers in the ravaged provinces, and I made trips to Peking and into the interior, taking my little army as guard for the new officials. The most interesting was the trip to Chengtu.

The Boxers had cleaned out the back districts of China. They had killed hundreds of foreigners, burned all foreign buildings and foreign schools and missions, and for months they had everything in their own hands. For more than a year they had absolutely controlled Szechwan, an enormous state nearly as large as Texas, with forty million population.

At last they saw that their effort was hopeless and they surrendered to the Empress. She appointed a new Governor of the Province of Szechwan.

He thought that he might have some trouble in taking control, so when he went into Szechwan he was accompanied by a couple of thousand ordinary Chinese soldiers. For that reason my small army was sent along as an added precaution, and I was an officer on his staff.

We went up the Whangpoo by boat, and then overland to Chengtu, the capital. I was hundreds of miles from any other white man, in the heart of China. We marched in through the gates. It was a city of half a million, and all of them crowded the streets and roofs. I was the first white man they had seen since they killed them all. For three or four days we had some trouble quelling riots. But we installed the new taotai. He caught and beheaded some Boxer leaders, and after that things were quiet.

One day when I was walking down a narrow street I noticed that an old Chinese seemed to be following me. He was alone, and he was a little wizened old Chinese with a long mustache, which meant he was a grandfather.

So far as I could tell, he wasn't armed, but I didn't know what was up. I went on cautiously, and he dodged ahead of me and into a doorway. When I came up, there he was, waiting. He looked at me steadily, made the sign of the cross, and then jumped out and ran away.

I thought he was crazy. But in a little while I came on him again, hiding in another doorway, and a second time he made the sign of the cross at me. I was curious, of course, and I made the sign of the cross back at him. He beckoned to me and trotted off.

I followed him back and forth through a lot of crooked streets and finally into a kind of back-alley courtyard. He beckoned me down a narrow passage between two of the houses, and there in a little hovel was an old white-haired Irish priest, Father McMahan.

He had been hiding there in danger of his life ever since the beginning of the Boxer outbreak.

He said he had heard there was another white man in the city, and he had sent the faithful old Chinese to find me, hoping I could give him some news of the outer world. That was all he wanted.

As a rule I have little patience with missionaries. I think they often do more harm than good. But knowing Father McMahan convinced me that there are exceptions. He was one of the finest men I ever

knew in my life. He had been twenty-five years in Chengtu, and they couldn't scare him out. Three times he had seen the Chinese trying to get rid of foreigners; three times they had burned his church and his school. They had caught him twice and imprisoned him and tortured him. His hands were twisted and scarred from torture; every bone in them had been broken to pieces. For almost two years he had been hiding in that hovel, but he had no idea of leaving Chengtu. He was still sticking it out, an old man, with not many more years to live at best.

I asked him, "Now, father, do you really think it does any good to try to convert these Chinese to Christianity? They are getting along all right. They have their own religion and they like it. Here you spend your whole life out here in this loneliness and torture for a damn' Chinaman who never will be a Christian anyway."

"Well," he said, "during this last trouble they killed every foreigner in Szechwan. I had a little congregation, only about a hundred in this city of half a million. My church, my school, my home, everything I owned was destroyed, and they even offered a reward for me, dead or alive. But the members of my Chinese flock have known where I was every minute, day and night, all these months. And not one of them betrayed me."

"I like to think I'm making the road a little easier for the next man. Perhaps in a hundred, two hundred, three hundred years there will be real Christian Chinamen."

He invited me to midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. It was all out under the sky in the moonlight. About a thousand Chinese were packed in that slum courtyard, and all round it, on the roofs and walls, Chinamen were on guard with old blunderbusses. Against one of the walls at the side of the courtyard was a little altar, a box covered with white cloths, with candles on it.

That was the most impressive ceremony I have ever seen. Everything was quiet, the big moon sailing overhead. The armed guards were on the walls and the candles burned on the altar, and old white-haired Father McMahan, with his tortured hands, celebrated the Mass of the birth of Christ.

At one point a dozen Chinese began a frightful cater-



He wore a little jug on his wrist.

wauling. Father McMahan kept glancing at me and smiling, and finally I got it. They were singing *Adeste Fideles*.

Not long after I went back to Shanghai, old General Wilkinson died. He had been a general in the Confederate army, and at the end of the Civil War he had come to live the rest of his life in the Orient rather than take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

He had prospered in the East and he was loved and respected from Bombay to Vladivostok. He had been military adviser to the King of Siam and he had held various posts in Chinese government service. After forty years he was still the typical Southern gentleman. He wore the broad-brimmed hat and the trimmed goatee, and he spoke with a scholarly Southern accent. The Confederate flag under which he had fought still hung on the wall in his house.

He was in his seventies when the United States declared war on Spain. He came to the American consulate to see Consul General Goodnow, and he said:

"Our country is at war, sir, and I have come to offer my services."

He was too old for active service, but Goodnow did not want to hurt his feelings. Everybody thought the world of the old general. So Goodnow said to him:

"General Wilkinson, there is one thing I have wanted to see ever since I have been in China. We have in this office a register of all American officers living in China, and your name has never been on it."

The old general said, "I would be proud, sir, to put it there."

And then he stood up and he took the oath of allegiance to the United States. In 1898, after all those years.

His death brought grief to everybody in Shanghai, especially military men, and they gave him the finest military funeral I have ever seen. The troops of all nations turned out—the English, the French, the Germans, and I had my Chinese in the line. The American monitor *Monadnock* was in the river, and Lieutenant Commander Mayo landed the American bluejackets.

AN old smooth-bore-gun caisson carried the coffin, and over it was spread the general's faded Confederate flag. No other flag appeared at all. And Lieutenant Commander Mayo did a fine thing. He was afterward Admiral Mayo, commander of the Atlantic fleet during the Great War. But he was a young man in those days, and he paid a perfect tribute to old General Wilkinson.

American bluejackets carried the coffin from the caisson to the grave. Then they fired the last salute and blew taps over the old general—and over the Confederate flag.

It was probably the last salute to the flag of the Confederacy.

About this time I happened to meet Homer Lea in the Shanghai Club, and I invited him to live with me in my

house at the arsenal. I was only a kid, but I could not help seeing dimly what a man he was.

Homer Lea is almost unknown in America, but he was one of the greatest Americans who ever lived. He was a prodigy, a genius, an intellectual giant, and he had more to do with the making of modern China than any other white man. If he had lived ten years longer I believe he would have changed the course of world history. It's a strange and tragic story, the life of Homer Lea.

EVEN today, and he has been dead for twenty years, his reputation outside America is tremendous. In Europe he is regarded as our greatest writer on military methods. During the Great War I met French officers who were thrilled and excited when they heard that I had known Homer Lea. But he was not only a military genius: he was a genius in mathematics, history, politics, languages. He was also a gifted executive and organizer. There in my house in Shanghai he organized the Chinese revolution of 1911, which established the republic. I saw him doing it, and he told me then, in 1902, everything that would happen, in detail. Later all he had predicted came true.

This was the tragedy: Homer Lea was a hunchback. That marvelous mind was tied to a twisted, deformed little body in constant pain. He suffered so horribly that he was a most unpleasant companion, irritable and cranky. And he drank all the time. He was never drunk, but he drank from morning to night, trying to get away from the pain. Nothing would stop it. There was nothing that medical science could do.

He had organized a little military company in Hankow, but he had to give it up. A great military genius, he could not drill men. When he stepped out in front of a bunch of coolies, they laughed at him. A deformed man is a joke, a clown.

He had to give up, so he came down to Shanghai, and he had no money. I was living in luxury, or what seemed like luxury to me, and I asked him to come and live with me. He stayed four months, the most interesting months of my life.

I was living like an Oriental prince. My Number One boy ran the house like clockwork. We had the best of everything in food and drink and service. In the mornings we had coffee in bed, our baths were prepared, our clothes laid out. I used to lie in bed and be shaved. It's a life that ruins a white man.

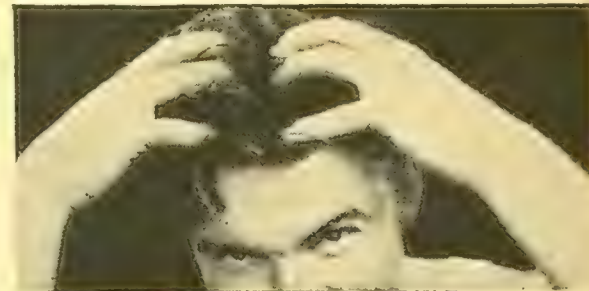
But Homer Lea never stopped working. He was the most prodigious worker I ever saw. He was laying plans for the Chinese revolution. He was writing a complete history of China in twelve volumes. He was studying old manuscripts, writing articles, interviewing scholars and politicians and agitators. Intellectual Chinese had a respect for him that amounted to worship. He belonged to the Chinese secret societies,

STOP DANDRUFF *this pleasant way*



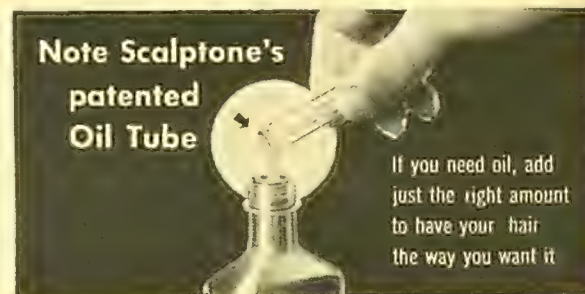
① A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. Doctors have been recommending it for 64 years.



② ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into the pores of your scalp. Rub Scalptone in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute once a day.



And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair and Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for *dandruff*—well, we'll make you a bargain! If you are not satisfied with the results—write us. Tell us. We'll cheerfully return your money. Start your Packer Treatment today—you'll see why we aren't going to lose!

PACKER'S Dandruff Treatment

① Shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap

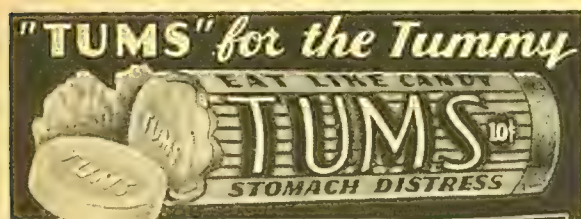
② Massage with Packer's Scalptone



"TUMS" Ended My Fussy Stomach

ONCE indigestion used to ruin every meal. The very foods I liked best brought on a burning sourness and a full, gassy feeling. But how different now! I eat everything without distressing after-effects since I discovered TUMS. These new candy-like antacid mints promptly counteract excess acid, dispel gas and relieve Fussy Stomach. Just three or four TUMS after meals lets you eat foods you crave. Safe, agreeable—TUMS are handily carried in pocket or purse. Get a roll today. At all druggists'—only 10c.

FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also samples of NR and TUMS—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 12-R, St. Louis, Mo.



TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents.

Boys Wanted

to earn money in spare time and get prizes free

Here's an opportunity for boys to make money every week, all year round, simply working in spare time in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. We supply everything. Thousands of boys are now happy, making their own spending money. All you have to do to join them is mail the coupon below asking for full details and our big Catalog of 350 Free Prizes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

L-4-22-33

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization
of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

and even then his power in China was almost fantastic.

When that twisted, deformed man sat propped up against his pillows with a whisky glass in his hand and told me what he was going to do with China and the world, I thought he was talking through his hat.

"I'm going to stop Japan," he said. "I'm going to save Chinese culture, but I'm going to make China supreme in the Orient. It can be done. These Westernized Chinese can't do it, but I can. I'm going to show them how to fight the West without being Westernized. I'll make China a great modern military power, and keep her still Chinese. Japan's going to get Port Arthur and Korea. I'm too late to stop that. But she's not going to get Manchuria and she's not going to get China. By that time I'll have China ready to fight.

"The first thing is the revolution. I'll have every pigtail off the Chinese by 1911. There's Dr. Sun Yat-sen; I'm going to make him the first President of China. I'll organize modern China. I'm going to stop the opium racket. Then there'll be the big war in Europe; China goes into that as England's ally. I'll bring China out of that war as the strongest power in the Orient; and then we'll fight Japan."

Well, I didn't take it seriously. Sun Yat-sen was a little Chinese socialist agitator; he had been chased out of China proper and was living from hand to mouth in Shanghai. He was a funny-looking little duck, dressed in European clothes that he didn't know how to wear. He would show up at my house with a derby hat too small for him sitting on top of his head. Night after night Homer Lea had him out there, and they'd sit talking about Karl Marx and other socialists and their ideas, till I'd go to sleep in my chair.

WHEN I woke up they'd still be at it, arguing hour after hour, that funny little Chinese sitting on the edge of his chair and Homer Lea propped up, suffering, talking, drinking whisky. They'd keep it up all night. Finally Sun Yat-sen moved out to my house and lived there a while, and they never did stop talking.

I used to argue with Homer Lea about Sun Yat-sen. I said:

"He's nothing but an agitator. Maybe he can stir up these Chinese, but he hasn't got it in him to organize and build up a government."

Homer Lea would say, "I'm going to do that. I'm going to make Sun Yat-sen the president, but I'll take charge. I can give China a government."

When he was talking like that he would always mention, sooner or later, Yuan Shih-kai. "That's one man I have to look out for—Yuan Shih-kai."

He and Sun Yat-sen were always speaking about cutting the pigtailed off the Chinese. They spoke as if it was a most important thing. Homer Lea estimated that it would take nine years' work to get those pigtailed off. Finally I was fed up on all that non-

sense about the terrific job of cutting pigtailed off Chinamen. I went out and lined up my army and sent for barbers.

You should have heard the jabbering. Those men howled and protested and begged and pleaded. They even went on their knees and groveled around my feet. But I kept the barbers at it till every pigtail was off. Then I went in and said to Homer Lea:

"There's a bunch of Chinamen for you without their pigtailed."

He stared and said, "Do you know what you've done? You've openly revolted against the Empress."

Then he began to laugh. It hurt him horribly to laugh, but he couldn't stop. I thought he was going to die laughing, and he gasped, "You've got the army of Kiangsu in open rebellion against the Manchu government! You'll lose your head for this!"

I CERTAINLY didn't know I had done anything important. It had been only a haircut to me. Long as I had been in China, I hadn't known that the pigtailed had been imposed on the Chinese as a sign of submission to the barbarians from Manchuria. If they cut off their pigtailed it meant that they wouldn't submit to the Manchus any longer.

Nothing could be done; I had cut the pigtailed off and we couldn't put them back. We had to wait till they grew out again. I expected to get into trouble about it, but I didn't. That is, not directly. Nobody but Homer Lea ever mentioned those missing pigtailed to me.

Pierre Loti came to Shanghai about that time, and he was another of Homer Lea's freaks. His name wasn't Loti, but he signed that name to his novels and was always known as Loti. He had the rank of French naval officer and the French used him as a kind of semidiplomatic agent. Night after night he came out to my house to see Homer Lea. He used to curl his whiskers with a curling iron. They were turning gray and he dyed them black, but in certain lights they were greenish.

He wore a little jug about two inches long attached to a bracelet on his wrist. After dinner, when the liqueurs were brought on, he would pour a few drops from that little jug into a spoon, and he would sniff and smell at the spoon and play around with it and finally drink those few drops, and never give anyone else a taste. He said it was a rare liqueur from Constantinople and we were barbarians who could not appreciate it.

My curiosity was aroused, and one evening I swiped that little jug. I took a sip from it, and it nearly put me out for the count. What it was I never knew, but it put me to sleep for twenty-four hours.

The Japanese at that time were secretly working everywhere in China to keep down the Chinese revolutionary movement. Their object was to control China eventually. They meant first to fight Russia and get

Korea. Two years later they started the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, and by the Treaty of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, they got a mandate over Korea; in 1910 they quietly annexed it. Then, just as Homer Lea had predicted, they went after Manchuria.

In the meantime they did not want a Chinese revolution to build up a strong Chinese government. Japanese secret-service men were all over China, and the Japanese were always reporting revolutionary activities to the Empress Dowager and stirring her up against the foreign-drilled companies.

By this time there were three little Chinese armies like mine. An American named Ross was with me for several weeks, and then he and Dr. Quin See, a young Chinese graduate of Harvard, organized the Pau Ting Fau military police. Walsh, a close friend of Homer Lea, organized another company in Hankow. Both these companies were really military schools for the revolutionists, as mine was. And finally the Japanese got us.

Their reports to the Empress convinced her that we were dangerous. She ordered the old Taotai of Kiangsu to employ only Japanese officers in his army.

I always wondered whether my cutting off those pigtaails didn't have something to do with it. It was a foolish thing to do, but I was only a youngster and didn't know any better.

I could have stayed if I had agreed to work secretly for the Japanese, but I didn't like them, and that let me out. The old taotai disbanded his army, and I came back to the States. A little later the Empress appointed another Governor of Kiangsu and threw out the old taotai, and he died soon after that.

Seven years later, when I was managing editor of the San Antonio Light, some Chinese came into the office one day and asked for me. They were from Homer Lea in China. He had sent them to tell me that the revolution was ready to start; he wanted me to come back and offered me a commission in the revolutionary army.

I WAS married, and our two boys were hardly more than babies; my wife said I had no right to go. Homer Lea sent for me three times. The old call of the East was almost irresistible. But the family won out.

The revolution started in Canton, exactly as Homer Lea had predicted. Millions of Chinese lined up to have their pigtaails cut off; there were piles of pigtaails five feet high in the streets of Canton. The revolution swept up the valley of the Yangtze. The revolutionists took Hankow, and many of the young Chinese whom I had trained were fighting in that revolutionary army.

They came down to Nanking, and there they proclaimed the republic, with Sun Yat-sen as president. Everything was working exactly as that weird white man Homer Lea had planned eight years before. They went on and took Soochow. They

were moving up on Peking when Homer Lea broke down.

He had been to the States several times for operations. Pieces of bone had been removed from his spine. He was living propped up on cushions in a chair. They had to carry him around carefully.

But he was right there in the midst of the revolution. In fact, he *was* the revolution, the brains of it. When he broke down they brought him back to California.

He lived just long enough to see everything he had done go to pieces. Yuan Shih-kai, the one man he had said would make trouble, jumped in and was made guardian of the young Emperor Pu Yi. Then he seized the government, and made himself president. He tried to catch Sun Yat-sen and behead him, but Sun got away, and was back again where he had been when Homer Lea took hold of him—nothing but a refugee agitator. Then Yuan Shih-kai overthrew the new republic and made himself emperor.

Later he found he could not maintain himself as emperor, so he became president again. In the meantime Homer Lea died. He died in Los Angeles, propped up with cushions in his chair—the greatest man I ever knew.

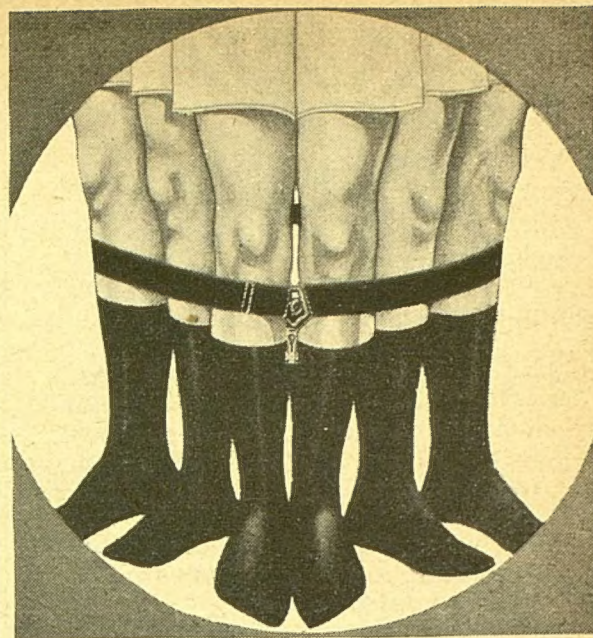
BEFORE I left Shanghai I had spent all my money. So I landed in San Francisco broke as usual. Jobs were scarce. Anyhow, I met a fellow who agreed to take my baggage to Chicago. Minus my impediments I started to beat my way across the continent. I landed in Chicago as a hobo, with just twenty-five cents, only to find that the fellow had stolen all my clothes. Five years before I had left America—with fifteen cents. I had gone around the world. And here I was back again, richer by ten cents.

I got a job as reporter on the Chicago Tribune, and after a while I switched to the old Chicago Inter-Ocean. I spent a summer selling books down through Tennessee and Kentucky; no money in it, but it was fun. All the time I was studying, taking University of Chicago extension courses. But I did not get back into my element till I went down to the St. Louis Fair.

A detachment of the Philippine Scouts was there; men I knew were coming and going, and I met some of the old-time gu-gus. Some Igor-otes I had known were in the Igor-ote Village at the fair. I saw a big spectacular show too, a combination Wild West and Boer War Show. It was a magnet for a fine bunch of men. Among them General Cronje, and General Viljoen, and Lee Christmas, and Pepino Garibaldi. Pepino was a grandson of the great Italian liberator and a natural-born fighting man.

Well, that was the kind of crowd I liked. So I got a job in the show and stayed right there.

Lee Christmas was in his thirties then, about ten years older than I



Happy legs are here again—thanks to

EXTRA LONG STRETCH PARIS GARTERS

FOR GREATER COMFORT

Encircle SIX legs easily, yet fit one leg perfectly. No binding—no slipping. No doubt about their carefree comfort. Made of long stretch, long lasting Steinweave Elastic—found only in Paris Garters. Long on honest value, too.

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Made in U.S.A. by A. Stein & Company

Makers of Paris Suspenders and Belts

Stop Itching Skin

Clean, soothing Zemo stops itching skin in five seconds—and corrects Eczema, Pimples, Ringworm, and Rashes. The way Zemo brings healing clearness to skin irritations is almost magic, because of its rare ingredients not found in other remedies. All druggists', 35c, 60c, \$1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, \$1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

COSTUMES TO RENT
Thousands of gorgeous costumes from Hollywood and Broadway productions, suitable for Plays, Operas, Pageants, Minstrels, etc., to rent for \$1.00. Also Wigs, Masks and Makeup. Send for folder.
NATIONAL COSTUME CO. • Theatrical Costumers, 919 WALNUT ST., PHILA., PA.

To remove hard or soft
corns or calluses...
buy one of the
6-dressing surgical
packages of
**KOHLER ONE NIGHT
CORN CURE**



Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

- 1—The principal ones are Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza.
- 2—In Greek mythology: Bacchantes; nymphs who were attendant on Dionysus.
- 3—Six feet six and a half inches.
- 4—Texas—nearly 266,000 square miles—is more than five times as large.
- 5—German by the majority, and, in the following order, French, Italian, Romansh.
- 6—About 3,536,000,000,000 tons—including that in Alaska—of which 16,000,000,000 is anthracite.
- 7—Richard Lovelace.
- 8—Dark brown.
- 9—In the Cathedral of Seville, Spain.
- 10—Records show that glass making was known to the Egyptians more than 5,000 years ago.
- 11—Danish and Norwegian.
- 12—For Juan Bermudez, who discovered them in the early sixteenth century.
- 13—Mercury.
- 14—A form of mountain railway in which the weight of an ascending car is partly or wholly balanced by that of a descending car.
- 15—In the siege of Calvi, Corsica, in 1794.
- 16—It was the day on which Christ was crucified.
- 17—Mother-of-pearl.
- 18—From rye.
- 19—In the Department of Agriculture.
- 20—Sir Walter Scott.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 25)

Squibb Aspirin is easier to take, whether swallowed whole or dropped in water, because it is firmly compressed. Thus it does not crumble either in the box or the bottle, or on the tongue, and so leaves no bitter after-taste. Yet it disintegrates quickly and completely in water or after swallowing—assuring prompt effectiveness. To be certain of these advantages in the aspirin you use—



Say

**"SQUIBB
ASPIRIN,
Please!"**

was. He had been in eight or ten Central American wars when I met him.

The Central Americans worshiped him; he was already a legend down there.

He was a fine fighting man, one of the nerviest I ever knew, and a splendid organizer. In Guatemala he was commandant of Guatemala City; he made and remade the government several times. In Honduras he was at another time commander in chief of the army. He fought all over Central America, wherever there was a fight going on. Central Americans got so they figured they couldn't pull off a successful revolution unless Lee Christmas was with them.

But to get back to Pepino Garibaldi. He is about my own age, a blond Italian with a fair mustache and blue eyes. He was always smartly turned out and a great social favorite. Naturally he was proud of his family tradition. He went further, for he followed in the steps of his famous grandfather and his father. He and his father had fought together for the British in the Boer War.

Well, a great crowd hung out around that Boer War show in St. Louis and I had a fine time working there and knowing them all. I rode bucking horses, and ran against Dan de Villiers in the Cape-cart race.

The original Cherokee Kid had his first job in that same show. He was a quarter-breed Indian youngster from Oklahoma, and a wizard with a rope.

He was just starting out, but he made a hit. After the fair closed he drifted around the world with that fancy-rope act, went all over South America and Europe in vaudeville, and finally on the American vaudeville circuits he began doing a monologue and keeping the rope going all at the same time.

In fact, he's still going strong. Perhaps you've heard of him. His name is Will Rogers.

The rest of us went down to New Orleans, which was then and is still headquarters for all Central American revolutions. We were looking for a little war—one would have been enough, but we found three. Around the hotel lobbies in New Orleans you can always get in touch with a war somewhere. Lee Christmas and Guy Maloney decided to fight in Guatemala; they went down there, won their revolution. But Garibaldi and I joined up with General Matos in Venezuela.

How Tex as a revolutionary chief of artillery—one broken-down machine gun!—fought against Castro, the dictator of Venezuela, and how, after a defeat and a rout, he was hunted through the jungle by the dictator's soldiers and barely escaped

with his life, next week's installment of Born to Raise Hell will show. It will also give a glimpse of him as a lone Texas Ranger discomfiting a bloodthirsty lynching mob, and will follow him across the border to join up with Madero for the first phase of the Mexican revolution.

Liberty now offers

\$100 to \$500

**A piece
for Short Short
Stories**

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to **SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS

SNAKEVILLE ARIZONA

GOT YOU STOP YOU AND JOE MOVED EITHER ONE OR BOTH OF THE BOULDERS STOP
VERY CLEVER STIGGIE STOP AWAITING JOES ARRIVAL

APRIL 15 1933

VIC

TRANSLATION

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 20 sec.)

By

WILLIAM R. BIRD

JIM BLAKER is one who won't talk about the war. He pounded French pave and trench floors for more than two years with Canuck infantry, won one of their choice decorations, and finally stopped a handful of shrapnel in a mix-up at a place they called the Somme; but he won't talk about it. He'll sit in the corner and let the other chap tell how they did things, and all he'll do is grin.

That is, of course, providing the story isn't too rank or one-sided. Then, sometimes, he'll have a few words. There was such an occasion last November.

Jim's a commercial man, and the two of us got stranded in a little Maine town the night of the eleventh. We'd met some pals in Portland and had our own little ceremony in the morning, but we were still pretty full of war memories. The hotel clerk seemed to sense it.

"You chaps want to join the local vets?" he asked. "They get together down at Tom Miller's shop."

At any other time we'd have thanked him and gone to bed, but it seemed different on the eleventh.

"You'll hear Flash Binks tell about his sniping," said the clerk. "He always broadcasts when he sees strangers."

We went along the main street and found Miller's place. It was a shoe-mending shop and about a dozen fellows were squatted around a stove. They seemed the usual small-town sort and they were listening to a lad who was straddled in the middle of the floor.

"Hello, boys," I greeted. "Mind if we listen in? The hotel man told us you were kind to visitors."

"Sure," said a lanky man, offering us chairs. "I'm Miller, and we're all vets. This is Flash Binks, and he's tellin' us about his sniping."

Flash was a red-faced, heavy-set fellow and he wore his hat canted over one ear.

He shook hands like a side-show entertainer; the rest sat down again.

"I was jest tellin' these boys," he began as if we had invited him, "that if everybody had had real guts in the war, and everybody had been in the front line, it would have been over in three months."

We nodded acknowledgment.

"Take me, f'r instance," he went on, tipping his hat at a more acute angle. "I was no parade soldier, but I said from the first that if ever I got a chance to do anything I'd do it."

"I took my chance on that Petit Villers front." Flash had jerked around and was talking direct at Jim. "You remember there was a lot of snipin' goin' on, and they had outposts and all that sort. Well, they put me out in a post about halfway over to Jerry's lines. It was a dinky little hole after I got fixed the way I wanted, and the sergeant sent word that I was to stay out there till noon. He was a windy guy an' knowed he could depend on me. Well, sir, I'm sitting there watchin' the periscope when I sees a Jerry hat stick up about six inches from a crater that wasn't more'n fifty yards away. I didn't know till then how close I was to their front, and it sort of took my wind. I squatted down and watched him sharp, and in a little bit he bobs up again. He'd either heard me diggin' out there or he suspected somethin'. Anyhow, he's watchin' close."

Flash paused and bit off a chew of tobacco.

"Well," I said to myself, "here's my chance to do somethin' like I always planned," and in a minute I'm shovin' the rifle out through the grass. I worked it so easy that the Jerry never piped a thing. He'd been raisin' higher and higher. I waited till he pushed up again, an' let him have it."

Flash struck one flabby hand against the other.

"Say, you should have heard the racket then. About a dozen Jerry bombs come flyin' over and they was shootin' from all sides. I kep' low as a weasel. In about half an hour it had all died quiet and I looked over. There's not a thing in sight except this guy's tin lid and it's drilled pink in the center. Well, sir, I knowed I got him, and I jest couldn't resist crawlin' out to see. Course it was a fool risk an' all, but I'm made that way, and what d'ya think? He's there all right, dead as meat, and he's been out there to write a letter! I jest reached in an' got it—and there she is."

It was a German letter all right, written on stiff paper, and dirty with handling.

A few of the listeners looked at each other and whispered. No one spoke out loud; they were all watching us.

"I don't know what he was writin' about," Flash seemed anxious to have us say something, "but likely it's somethin' mushy. He'd figgered he were safe enough, never thinkin' anybody'd be so far over. I'd have handed the letter in, but I knowed I'd never see it ag'in an' it's my souvenir."

He talked about five minutes longer, and I could see Jim getting restless. Flash was absolutely repulsive.

Suddenly Jim leaned forward, put out his hand. "Would you mind?" he asked. "I'll translate that for you."

He had the letter before Flash could make excuses for retaining it, and everybody got to his feet. It seemed that no one there had ever heard it read.

"DEAR MOTHER." [Jim appeared to read it twice before he could speak.] "This is my last letter. The war will never finish, and I am too tired to go on. I am over in a shell hole near the American lines, and one of their men is near. I have watched him for a time and could easily have shot him. But what good is that? So, after I have made him see me, I will rise up. He will do the rest. Good-by."

"Your loving war-sickened son, AUGUST."

Jim read every word slowly and distinctly and the shop was so still that Flash's breathing sounded like a whistle. He had gone a pasty white and his hand shook as he reached for the letter.

He flung it in the stove, tried to look at Jim, but couldn't, and the next minute he had pulled his hat down and was gone.

We left, too. There didn't seem to be anything more to say.

We were in the hotel lobby before I thought of something.

"Say, Jim," I queried, "when did you learn to read German?"

He looked at me and his face was still grim. "I haven't," he said.

THE END



He Pleases your Palate

BUT HE'S NO FRIEND OF YOUR GUMS!



SOFT, MODERN FOOD IS, IN THE MAIN, RESPONSIBLE FOR "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IN preparing his delectable dishes—a good chef has in mind only to delight your sense of taste. He isn't considering the health of your gums.

There is scarcely a food on the modern menu, whether you dine in an expensive restaurant or at home, that isn't soft. Your gums get little stimulation, and they gradually become so tender that they leave a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

A good dentist will tell you:

"Go on enjoying the delicious foods of today. But take care of your gums. 'Pink tooth brush' can dull the natural polish of the teeth. It may be the forerunner of gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea (though the last is rather uncommon). And it may even endanger sound teeth."

He will suggest massage for your gums. "Squeeze



out a little Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or finger-tip, after you clean your teeth. Rub it directly into your gums. This daily massage with Ipana will do for your gums what modern soft foods fail to do: it will speed up circulation and tone them back to healthy hardness."

Ipana is not only a splendid modern tooth paste, but it contains a gum-toning agent called ziratol. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and your teeth will not only be whiter, but your gums will become so firm that you need not worry about "pink tooth brush."

● BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-432
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....